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ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY.

WE give on this page a portrait of the Reverend JOHN M'CLOSKEY, the successor of JOHN HUGHES in the Archbishopric of New York. Formerly the bishop of the diocese of Albany, Dr. M'CLOSKEY was known as one of the most polished and eloquent orators of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, and after the usual course of education was ordained a priest. On the 10th of March, 1844, he was ordained Bishop of Axieren and coadjutor to Dr. HUGHES, then Bishop of New York. Three years later he became the Bishop of Albany, being the first prelate of that see, as the diocese was then first established. St. Mary's, one of the four Catholic Churches of Albany, he made his cathedral. In the entire diocese there were about forty churches, some of them without a regular clergyman. The Catholic population were scattered over a large territory, were for the most part poor, and had to struggle against the prejudices of the surrounding people. Dr. M'CLOSKEY had therefore no easy task before him in carrying out his zealous plans for the Catholic Church. But he went to work with earnestness.

One of the bishop's first projects was the institution in Troy of a Female Orphan Asylum, which he placed under the control of the Sisters of Charity. In 1851 the Christian Brothers opened the Academy of Saint Joseph in the same town; and the same year the Sisters of Charity opened a hospital which has in a single year received 789 patients. The next year a Female Seminary was founded in Albany by a colony of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In 1855 Dr. M'CLOSKEY opened in Utica an Academy for boys, at the cost of more than $17,000.

The diocese of Albany includes all of the State of New York lying north of forty-two degrees north and east of the eastern line of Cayuga, Tompkins, and Tioga counties. After a service of seventeen years Dr. M'CLOSKEY left in this diocese one hundred and thirteen churches, eight chapels, fifty-four minor stations, eighty-five missionaries, three academies for boys and one for girls, six orphan asylums, and fifteen parochial schools. If the new Archbishop of New York leaves as good a record as he has left as Bishop, the Catholic Church will surely have no reason to regret the Pope's selection of JOHN HUGHES's successor.

On Sunday, August 21, the Reverend JOHN M'CLOSKEY was installed as the Archbishop of the Catholic diocese of New York, the ceremonies on that occasion being performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral. If Dr. M'CLOSKEY succeeds as well as his predecessor in making his influence tell for good, both the Country and the Church will have occasion for congratulation.

ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

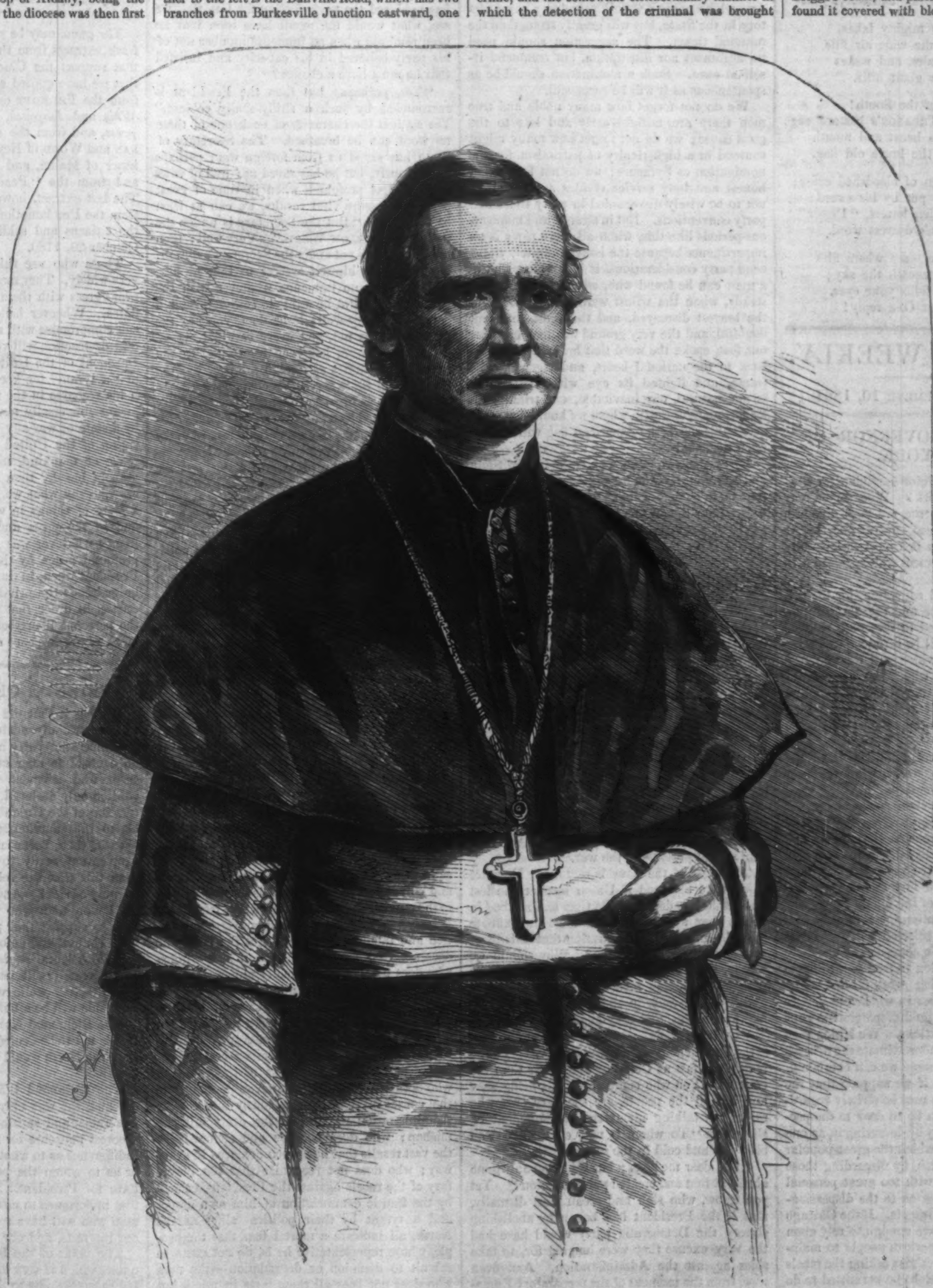
On page 580 we print a Map giving an ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE REGION AROUND PETERSBURG. In the fore-ground is City Point and the region north of the James, which has so lately been the theatre of GRANT'S movements. At Dutch Gap General BUTLER is digging a canal, which, as the reader will see, must very much shorten the course of the James at this point.

Off to the left, southward of Petersburg, stretch the Federal lines across the Weldon Railroad. Further to the left is the Danville Road, which has two branches from Burkesville Junction eastward, one running to Petersburg, and the other to Richmond. This view does not include Burkesville Junction.

FRANCIS MULLER, THE MURDERER, FROM LONDON.

INTENSE popular excitement prevailed in New York August 24, when it was announced that the London murderer had arrived in the packet-ship *Victoria*. There was nothing in the murderer himself to account for this excitement, which was due rather to the peculiar circumstances attending his crime, and the somewhat extraordinary manner in which the detection of the criminal was brought about. The crime was committed on the 9th of July, in a first-class carriage on the North London Railway. English rail-cars are very different from those to which we are accustomed in this country. The carriages are divided into separate compartments; and it is frequently the case that only one person is the sole occupant of a compartment. On the day above mentioned Mr. Briggs, chief clerk in a city bank, and residing at Hackney, took a compartment in a first-class train from London to his place of residence. The train arrived at Hackney without him that night. As it reached the station a person opening the door of No. 69, which was Mr. Briggs's room, and placing his hand upon the seat found it covered with blood. He also found in the room a gentleman's hat, walking-stick, and a small leathern bag. Ladies in the adjoining compartment gave notice to the guard that in some way blood had been spurted upon their dresses from this same bloody room. At the same time Briggs was being picked up back on the road, and carried almost senseless to Mitford Castle Tavern. Four and one half pounds in gold was found in one of his pockets, and a silver snuff-box in another. A diamond ring was also found on his person. From these circumstances it was evident that Briggs had been murdered and then thrown out of the car by some person who had that night occupied No. 69 with him.

Who was the murderer? This was the question which for days agitated the popular heart of London. There seemed to be but a single clew: Briggs's watch had been taken. The murder was committed Saturday evening. The next Monday evening a gentlemanly looking foreigner, apparently a German or Swiss, entered the shop of one Mr. Death, a silversmith on Cheapside, and asked to be shown some gold Albert chains. He finally selected one to suit him, and took from his waistcoat pocket another chain, and asked Mr. Death what he would give for it. It proved that there was five shillings' balance in the foreign gentleman's favor, which balance was covered by a ring. Mr. Death packed up the chain in a paper box and delivered it to his customer, who then walked out. That foreign gentleman was the murderer for whom the London police were in search, and this barter of his with Mr. Death led to his detection. After leaving the jeweler's office he proceeded to his residence in Bow Street, and made arrangements for coming to New York in the *Victoria*. The little daughter of the cabman discovered the paper box in his room after he left, and showed it to her father. This box had Mr. Death's address on the inside, and this, with collateral evidence from a great number of sources, made it certain that Francis Muller was the murderer. He had taken passage in



THE MOST REV. JOHN M'CLOSKEY, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

a sailing vessel, and on his arrival in New York was arrested by Inspector Tanner, who had arrived from London several days previously in the *Manchester*. Muller is about 24 years of age, and is a tailor by profession. His hair is light, and he has small gray eyes. Altogether he is not prepossessing in his appearance.

THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH.

That is our answer—see on high
  The old flag fluttering in the breeze,
Proudly it greets the broad blue sky
  Upon the land and on the seas.

What! dim its lustre—strike one star
  From out its glorious azure field?
No, never! we would rather far
  Shed our last drop of blood than yield.

Take back the olive-branch! We hold
  It better that the cannon flame
Than that the envious world be told
  The Peace we purchased cost us shame.

From Maine to Florida's far shore,
  From East to farthest West, each State
Must be thenceforth for evermore
  Bound in one Union strong and great.

The fields are broad throughout our land;
  Our people powerful in their might;
Each loyal heart, each loyal hand
  Is ready to defend the Right.

The traitor who to Wrong would bow
  Cowers low before the patriot's eye;
The North has registered her vow,
  "The Union!" is her battle-cry.

It sounds across the mighty lakes,
  Its thunder tone the wide air fills
It rolls along her vales, and wakes
  The echoes of her giant hills.

Hear it, ye people of the South!
  Tear down foul Treason's bastard rag;
Join in the cry with heart and mouth,
  And rally round the brave old flag.

Then shall this reign of bloodshed cease;
  The warrior shall put by his sword;
And, graved in golden letters, "Peace"
  Shall be a Nation's dearest word.

You have our answer—see where flies
  The old flag underneath the sky;
Turn to its shining folds your eyes,
  That banner is our One reply!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 10, 1864.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Who shall be the Union candidate for Governor of New York? Whoever he may be, if he be honest and true, we shall give him our hearty support. But, meanwhile, before the Convention meets, it is a most serious duty to consider the circumstances which should control the nomination.

In this great and vital campaign, for the salvation of national honor and the authority of the Government, we need in the State canvass a leader whose name will be at once familiar to every voter in it, and which will assure every man beyond the State who loves his country and the Union that he may be confident and cheerful of the national result, because New York goes into the great fight intent only upon overwhelming victory.

What man then is there, known to the whole State and to the whole country, whose name is his platform, who is identified in every word and act since the rebellion began with the Union; whose nomination will be the seal of the sincerity of Union men in claiming to disregard party, and who will rally to the cause all who in an election regard persons more than platforms, and who look first and only to the honorable maintenance of the Union?

We know how conventions run in ruts, and how carefully they are selected with reference to certain purposes. We concede the necessity of strict party organization in free governments for the sake of achieving great results. But civil wars are the furnaces in which old parties are fused, and the pure gold of patriotism runs together in new combinations. We Union men deceive ourselves if we underestimate the necessity of gaining every advantage we can command. We are fatally deluded if we suppose that the old party precedents can now be strictly regarded. No convention can be so dear to the people, or so secure of victory by deserving it, as one which strikes a note to which the great popular heart responds, and which, by discarding those who seek to control it with too great personal partiality, confides its action to the dispassionate judgment of its constituents. If the Chicago Convention had been brave enough to rely upon the resolution of the American people to maintain their Government without asking the rebels upon what terms they might be permitted to do so, and had nominated a man conspicuous only for patriotic devotion, it would have divided loyal support with that at Baltimore, for its key-note would have been Patriotism. But it was impossible. It reveals itself a mere party machine, the danger of which to the country we allow, but which will be shivered by the strong sense of the people.

Will Syracuse make the mistake of Chicago? Will it not rather follow the noble example of Baltimore, which reflected the popular will in nominating Mr. Lincoln, and in associating with him an old Democrat and an ex-slaveholder, Andrew Johnson? How gladly and gratefully every Union man in the land will vote for Andrew Johnson, who was tried and tried again, but was not found wanting; and vote for him even more willingly, with a chivalric generosity honorable to human nature, if his former party associations were republican.

It was said, indeed, at Baltimore, and it will be said at Syracuse, that quite enough concession has been made to Union men of Democratic antecedents. But that is an unwise and unworthy suggestion. If the Baltimore Convention had thought General Butler, an old Democrat, a stronger candidate with loyal men than Mr. Lincoln, an old Whig, it would have nominated him. It knew each to be as honorable and faithful as the other; and it was not a partisan but a patriotic consideration which decided for Mr. Lincoln. So at Syracuse, and especially at this time, we are to forget whether a man were Whig, Democrat, or Republican, and are to ask only whether he be an honest, able man, who heartily supports the policy of the Administration, who is thoroughly trusted by it, and who for reasons that are honorable to himself but not discreditable to any other, is a candidate whose name not only promises a surer victory in the State, but will greatly strengthen the national ticket. The suggestion should need no argument nor illustration, but commend itself at once. Such a nomination should be as spontaneous as it will be successful.

We do not forget how many noble and true men there are, faithful early and late to the good cause; we do not forget how many might contend in a high rivalry of patriotism for the nomination at Syracuse; we do not forget that honest and long service creates a party claim not to be wisely disregarded in party times and party conventions. But in strange and momentous periods like this, when all mere party is an impertinence because the issues infinitely transcend party considerations, is it not clear that if a man can be found who, when all shook, was steady, when the wisest were confounded, and the bravest dismayed, and the most confident doubtful, and the very ground was reeling under our feet, spoke the word that brought the blood back to the national heart, and vigor into its frame, and lighted its eye with victory, he is our natural, our inevitable, our triumphant leader, marching with whom we know that whoever hauls down the American flag will be shot upon the spot?

Every man, woman, and child in the State and the country who reads these words knows that there is such a man; and their hearts are before their lips in naming

General JOHN A. DIX.

UNION FOR VICTORY, AND VICTORY FOR UNION.

Could there be a more melancholy spectacle than the whiners, grumblers, and groaners among the Union men of the country? Involved in a tremendous war; under fire in the face of the enemy; with a large party skillfully and constantly assailing the Administration; with an ever-present necessity weighing upon that Administration to be no less confident of its friends at home than vigorous in the field, and an equal necessity upon its friends to be patient and forbearing in criticism and very charitable in judgment, there are plenty of Union journals and men incessantly, although undesignedly, lending the most efficient aid in perplexing the Administration and prolonging the war.

The need of the hour is recruits. How are they to be obtained if Union men are busiest and loudest in decrying the time and method in which they are called as the most unfortunate possible, and the Administration that calls them as the weakest conceivable? Why should we wonder that rebels shout, and Copperheads hiss with joy, if Union men are limp in the knees and mortally weak in the back, and invite defeat by showing that they expect it?

"Oh! but," sighs some despairing brother, "the President is so dreadfully slow." Yet he is quite as fast as Congress and faster than the country. You who complain of his being slow and behind the people, are the very ones who regret his talking about the abandonment of slavery in "To whom it may concern." You blow hot and cold in the same breath.

"Oh, dear me! yes; but if he had only gone ahead at first and created public opinion!" Yet you know, who sigh and groan most dismally, that if the President had begun by abolishing slavery, the Democratic party would have had the very excuse they were longing for, to take sides against the Administration. And even now, from the moment of the preparatory Emancipation proclamation, there has been an organized opposition. Would he have avoided it by issuing his proclamation when Ellsworth was killed? It is very important not to skip facts.

"But he is so shockingly weak! He might have shown more vigor. Just hear how openly treason is talked on all sides!" And yet whenever his hand falls heavily, upon Vallandigham, upon the papers that publish a proclamation forged for mischief to the country, upon orators inciting to resistance, or when Long in Congress is threatened with expulsion for renouncing his oath, who is first to condemn the action of the Administration, and so give the President the best reason for supposing that summary action will divide Union men?

"Yes; but why didn't he end the war long ago? See how he hung on to M'Clellan when he knew him to be incompetent." Those who say this are mainly "radical" men. Do they honestly believe that a war of which they understand the philosophy, which they know to be a radical, vital, social, and political revolution, was to be ended in a year or three years, when one party to the conflict was taken utterly by surprise and totally without preparation, and when the course of the war was sure to develop the bitter opposition that we see? Does any thoughtful man really believe that in June, 1861, there was a royal road to victory in six or twelve months? And as to M'Clellan, he was at that time a popular idol, and worshiped with a superstition proportioned to ignorance. Before he had been publicly tried and had conspicuously failed, it would have been mere folly for the President to risk the consequences of his arbitrary removal. For if his removal after the terrible Chickahominy campaign, and the day's truce given to Lee to save himself at Antietam, has produced the party feeling for him that we see, what would the result have been had he been removed when an immense number not of his party believed in his capacity and insisted that he must have a chance?

"Yes, perhaps; but then the President is surrounded by such a shilly-shally cabinet." Yet against the character of each one of them no word can be breathed. The Secretary of State has saved us from foreign war; perhaps obsequiously, but he has saved us; and of vows more or less profound, when in time of great peril they secure vital results, we can at least be tolerant. "But the Secretary is under the thumb of Thurlow Weed." Very well; then the President is not under the Secretary's thumb; for Mr. Weed himself assures us that he has, and has had, no influence whatever with the President. "But he wants to compromise and bargain." Very well; if he does, you see the President does not, and every cardinal act of his administration has been his own. In the range of his duties as foreign minister has the Secretary of State served his country well? If he has, that is his department. The Secretary of War is hated by a large party, of course. Mistakes he has made, like every Secretary in every administration. Yet at this moment is not every army in just the place and under just the leader we should wish? And has any malfeasance or special incompetency ever been brought home to the Secretary? The Secretary of the Treasury—of an antique Roman mould—have not his appointment and his skillful and patriotic appeal, with returning public confidence and the decline of the gold fever, reconciled loyal men to the departure of his predecessor? "But there is a 'ring' in the Navy Department, and the Monitors are a failure." Well, we did not think the Monitors a failure in Hampton Roads, and Farragut, and Winslow, and Du Pont, and Porter have not seriously tarnished the old fame of the American navy. "But Montgomery Blair is the very genius of evil." Yet he supports most cordially the President's policy, and we hear most of his enormities from the friends of Mr. Winter Davis, who, unquestionably faithful and able as he is, at this moment is certainly not doing much to secure a Union victory at the polls.

That, as in every administration, there have been gross blunders and costly faults; that there have been mistakes of policy and of detail; that, as in every war, there have been contract frauds and corruption of every kind, is as true as that in the previous Administration, whose friends are fiercely assailing this, there was universal corruption and infamous treason. But the man who does not view the Administration as a whole; who does not consider exactly under what circumstances it took office, and with what unquestioned honesty and unselfish patriotism its chiefs have conducted affairs; the man who does not bear constantly in mind the enormous difficulties which have beset it, arising from the peculiar political complications of the country; who does not consider the inevitable danger to the cause itself of pertinaciously making the Administration responsible for every military mishap; who does not see and acknowledge the vast results that have been achieved in every way; who does not recognize that the insane fury of the rebels against the President, echoed by the frantic denunciation of him as a despot and a tyrant by their political allies at the North, all indicate a mortal fear that the people, whose representative he is, do not mean to submit to disunion or degradation—the man who does not bear all these facts in mind, but forever carps at details, and is frightened by the loud brag of the enemy into dolefully shaking his head and flapping his feeble hands, can not be held guiltless if the event he predicts arrives, and the Union and the country are destroyed.

AN INSTRUCTIVE GAME FOR THE CANVASS.

This new game is very simple, but it is very instructive, although not in the least surprising. It consists merely in rolling up separately the following pretty sentences, shaking them in a hat, then drawing them out and trying to determine which is from a rebel, and which from a "Democratic" authority:

"The thing Lincoln has attempted can not be done. ....God help the tyrant when the people are arrayed against him."

"Lincoln can never ruin the South."

"Lincoln is a usurper, a man of blood, a monster of iniquity, the embodiment of murder and infinite crime."

"Let not the tyrant usurp the place [voice?] of the ballot!"

"To throw off such a tyranny requires the exercise of a public virtue and a popular and manly independence."

"A desolating war forced upon an innocent people by an imbecile President."

"Let the two hundred thousand graves he has made tell their own tale."

"General Lee is a better champion of the rights of self-government in this country than Abraham Lincoln."

"Mr. Lincoln is a military despot."

"On to the common enemy! Down with Lincoln!"

"United against Mr. Lincoln and his wicked policy."

"Though the destroying angel has not passed through the land and taken your first-born, he has taken hundreds of your first-born at the command of Lincoln."

"The monster who now rules the Yankees."

"Lincoln demands blood. Let the tyrant tremble when the people speak."

"Who among you dare speak or write what he thinks against the tyranny which has robbed you of your property, imprisons your sons, drags you to the field of battle, and is daily deluging your country with blood?"

The game may be varied by daily cutting out fresh extracts from the rebel papers and those that support the Chicago nomination. Those that we have quoted are from a paper in Iowa, from the Fremont organ, from the Richmond *Whig* and *Dispatch*, and the New York *Express*, and from the speeches of Messrs. Kernan and Wood of New York, Drew and Bradbury of Maine, and Vallandigham of Ohio, and from the "Peace" mottoes at Syracuse. The last extract, however, is not modern—it is from the Proclamation of Benedict Arnold to the citizens and soldiers of the United States, October 20, 1780.

Those who use this language do not differ very widely. They mean the same thing. Whoever agrees with them will vote for their candidates. Whoever believes that no Government can compromise with rebels without insuring its own destruction will vote against them. If the President of the United States is "a monster" or "a tyrant" for keeping his inaugural oath; if his recourse in the midst of a terrible war to means universally necessitated and legitimated by a state of war any where, and by the Constitution of the United States and the common-sense of mankind, makes him "a usurper, a man of blood," then let us hasten, under leaders who say what we have quoted, to return to a state of things in which the right of speech and of the press and every right of personal liberty whatever was annihilated in a time of profound peace by those who now rage at the President when, in time of rebellion or invasion, he suspends the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, in order that the Union, and under it the personal liberty of every citizen in it, may be as secure in peace as it is in war.

FRIENDS OF THE ENEMY.

Why is it that the rebel papers are so ready to give friendly advice to what they call the "Democratic" party at the North? They had no counsel to offer at Baltimore—nothing but sneers and defiance. Yet the Baltimore Convention only declared for the unconditional restoration of the Union and submission of all rebels to the supreme sovereignty of the people. Was it, then, because they believe the Chicago Convention ready to demand something less than this that the rebels were so forward with friendly advice? And if so, does any thoughtful Union man who understands the question wish to support that policy which is shaped by rebel counsel and enjoys rebel approval?

The Atlanta *Register* says: "If they [the 'Democrats'] will use the ballot-box against Mr. Lincoln while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other."

The Richmond *Examiner* said, two years ago: "It is not to be denied that a Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

The Richmond *Whig* says: "If Lincoln be defeated the war may be brought to a speedy, honorable, and satisfactory close........It is the sheerest nonsense for Southern people to affect indifference as to what is going on in the North, or as to whom the people of that section may have for President........It is a matter of the first importance to us that that functionary be a man who will have some regard for our rights, our interests, and our honor."

The point of the last article from which we quote, which is very long and written with studied calmness, was to show the Chicago Convention what policy would defeat Mr. Lincoln. That is the rebel hope. To defeat Grant and

Sherman in the field and Lincoln at the polls is the aim of all their efforts. Then they say that the way is clear "to commence negotiations for peace." Will negotiations for which our military disasters and the overthrow of an Administration pledged to maintain the Government pave the way be likely to end in an honorable or permanent peace?"

Granting that the Chicago Convention was an assembly of the purest patriots—that mere party success was scouted by them—that they were inspired by the most holy horror of corruption in every shape, from swindling your partner in business up to stealing Indian funds in the War Department—yet considering that the rebels show so morbid an anxiety for the success of the Chicago candidate, may not every loyal-hearted citizen who wishes the rebellion subdued and the Union unconditionally maintained, properly ask whether the way to secure these results is to vote the ticket which the rebels recommend?

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Platform of the Chicago Convention will satisfy every foreign and domestic enemy of American Union and Liberty. It declares that the Government of the United States is guilty of resisting rebellion, and that the American people can not maintain the authority of their laws. It has no word of righteous wrath against the recreant citizens who have plunged the country in the blood of civil war, but lavishes its fury upon the constituted authorities which have steadily defended the Union. It has no censure for any act of rebellion, but the war measures taken by the Administration, under the authority of the Constitution, are branded as tyrannical and despotic. There is not a word in it that can cheer any soldier or sailor fighting for his country; not a syllable that stirs the blood of a patriot. It is craven, abject, humiliating. It confesses the defeat of the Union cause, and covertly implores the mercy of Jefferson Davis and his crew.

And this at a moment when stout old Farragut is thundering at Mobile; when the inexorable Grant clutches at the Weldon Road, which, as an officer in his army writes, is "like touching the cubs of a tigress;" when Early's Shenandoah invasion is too late for success; when Sherman is closing around Atlanta; when State after State is supplying its quota of fresh soldiers; when gold steadily declines; when a universal public confidence is awakening; and when the rebels are plainly, palpably struggling to hold out only long enough to see if the election, by the elevation of the Chicago candidate, will not turn to their advantage.

Never again will this nation have a fairer chance of maintaining its constitutional authority than it has now. For three years it has, at every disadvantage, battled against this formidable conspiracy, and never was the conspiracy in so desperate a strait. The country has it by the throat. A little more force, a closer pressure, and the monster falls strangled, dead forever. A little less force, a relaxed hold, a wavering purpose, and the scaly folds of rebellion thrill with hope to the extremity; it renews its strength, it recruits its venom, and darts a deadlier blow at the life of the country.

As the Chicago Platform declares the war hopeless, its friends will of course wish to see its position confirmed. Every victory of Grant, of Farragut, and of Sherman will therefore be unwelcome. Every brave man who enlists will be grudged. The rise of prices will be hailed with delight; while universal disaster to our armies and navies, and the victories of the rebel armies will be hailed with exultation as conclusive proof of the "failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war." There is not an English lord or European aristocrat, not a sneerer at popular government and friend of despotism in the world, who will not applaud the Chicago Platform and hope for the success of its candidate.

The political campaign is opened. It will be short, sharp, and decisive, and the most momentous the country has ever known. If Mr. Lincoln is re-elected the Union, the authority of the Government, and the national honor will be maintained unconditionally; the rebellion, strained and baffled on every side, will be suppressed; and the peace and prosperity of the country be permanently re-established. If General M'Clellan is elected there will be an attempt to negotiate, to compromise, to bargain with the rebels. In the effort it is not the disputed point, it is the dignity and character of the Government which will be compromised. A treacherous truce will be patched up and labeled peace, and after staggering under its dishonor and disgrace for a miserable while the country will plunge forward again into the flaming gulf of war.

The issue is simple and sublime. It is the life or the degradation of the nation. It is to show that a Government of the people is equal to every exigency—ready for taxation, ready for military service, ready for endurance, ready for forbearance—that it is as strong as any Government in the world, and stronger—that in war it is as powerful and resolute and orderly as in peace it is industrious and prosperous. There seems to us but one way in which this can be shown, but one way in which utter national humiliation can be avoided, and that is by the steady and strong hand of war until the rebels confess the authority of the Government. That is the policy which is personified in Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, and which we shall most strenuously support, for it is the cause of the peace and happiness of the American people.

GENERAL SEYMOUR UPON THE WAR.

We hope our readers have not failed to see General Seymour's letter to Mr. W. E. Dodge, Jun., and printed in the daily papers. It is full of matter, and inspires the most loyal confidence. The General, it will be remembered, was captured in the Wilderness, and was afterward taken to Charleston, and could not be suspected of any peculiar prejudice against the rebels, for he had had no political sympathies against them, and was—we believe unjustly—accused of injustice to colored troops of his command.

General Seymour's conviction agrees with that of every judicious observer—that the rebel cause is approaching exhaustion. This is apparent from various considerations, but from none more strikingly than the universal and forcible conscription ordered by Governor Brown in Georgia. A letter from one rebel to another, which fell into the hands of a fellow-prisoner of the General's, confirms this view of the depletion of the rebel cause. "The people are soul-sick and heartily tired of this hateful, hopeless strife.... The men who, to aggrandize themselves, or to gratify their own political ambition, brought this cruel war upon a peaceful and prosperous country, will have to render a fearful account of their misdeeds to a wronged, robbed, and outraged people."

To release this people of the South who have been taught by false leaders that the people of the North are their enemies, the sole want of the moment is men. Our armies are large and brave, and skillfully commanded. They fight with indomitable courage, and in this summer's campaign have driven the rebellion to bay. But, as General Seymour says, we ought to have four to one in the field, and an army of reserve now would confirm the hold that the terrible Grant has upon the rebellion, and enable him to shake it speedily to death. The one hope of the rebels, he says, "is the result of our next election for President. If a Democrat succeeds to Mr. Lincoln they profess to feel sure of negotiations, and sure of their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected. In Mr. Lincoln's re-election they see only subjugation, annihilation, for the war must then continue, and continuance is their failure and ruin. In military affairs it is an excellent rule never to do what the enemy desires—is it not equally true in politics? Certain it is that the only remaining hope of the South lies in Mr. Lincoln's defeat."

The whole letter is a manly rebuke of the pusillanimity which sighs and sobs that we "can not conquer the South." Of course we can't do it by whining that it is impossible. But, says General Seymour, "behind the James only boys and old men are to be seen, while here men buy and sell as in the olden days of quiet, and regiments of able-bodied citizens crowd the street." With just and patriotic indignation the soldier who has fought and suffered exclaims in conclusion—redeeming the name of Seymour in this war—"There are some who speak of peace! Of all Yankees the Southron most scorns those who do not fight, but are glad enough to employ them, as they do their slaves, to perform their dirty work. Peace for the South will be sweet indeed; for us, except through Southern subjugation, but anarchy and war forever. The Pacific, the Western, the Eastern States would at once fall asunder. The South would be dominant, and the people of the North would deserve to be driven afield under negro overseers, to hoe corn and cotton for Southern masters."

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

The Richmond *Examiner* of August 22 says:

> "General Grant's army may now be considered as utterly and signally and finally defeated. Whether the moment is come when the remnant of it is to be driven to its ships, General Lee is the best and sole judge. That measure, however, when he shall decide upon it, will be a noble movement in the interest of peace."

The Richmond *Enquirer* of August 23 says:

> "Grant's plans on the Danville Road are now revealed, and all the energy and gallantry of the army under Lee and Beauregard will not be too much to beat back this bold movement to the south of Petersburg."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

On Wednesday, August 24, the rebels disappeared from the front of the Fifth and Ninth Corps; and it was inferred that Lee was contracting his lines. The Second Corps and the Tenth had recrossed the James to the south side on Saturday night, the 20th; and the former was sent to the support of the Fifth on the Weldon Road. On the 25th, while the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps were engaged in tearing up the road, they were attacked by a portion of Hill's and Longstreet's corps. The battle occurred at Reams Station, the Second Division falling back to that point in order to connect with the left of the First. The line was a crescent, the right flank being nearly at right angles with the railroad, the centre a little beyond and nearly parallel with it, and the left recrossing and receding from it. It appears that the rebels, disappearing from Warren's front, had gone around westwardly, with the intention of flanking the Federal force holding the road. The enemy first assaulted in front, and then made two charges on the extreme right, and were each time repulsed with severe loss. Then another charge was made against the right; two regiments stationed outside of our works wavered; the entire rebel force came on without firing until they reached our works. They were mown down by our musketry; still they pushed on. Some new recruits on the right centre gave way, and the enemy gained an advantage, compelling the two divisions to withdraw into the shelter of some woods, where they again formed in line and advanced against the rebels in their works, flanking them, and compelling them to abandon the position. The attack had been made late in the afternoon, and night now put an end to the conflict. The rebels, fearing that we would be so strongly reinforced that they could not expect to hold their ground, abandoned the field, leaving their dead and wounded. Our loss in this battle is stated at about 2000, while that of the rebels is estimated at 5000. The length of Grant's line may be estimated from the fact that Reams Station is twenty miles to the left of Butler's head-quarters. Our forces still hold the Weldon Road, and a railroad has been projected to connect City Point with General Warren's Corps.

In the fight on Thursday we lost nine guns. Captain Henry Sleeper, of the Tenth Massachusetts Cavalry, was wounded. The Weldon Road had been destroyed for a distance of eleven or twelve miles.

From Sherman there are no detailed reports, and our only information is Secretary Stanton's dispatch stating that that General's movements to place his army on the communications of Hood's army have been successful. On the 21st of August the rebel General Forrest made a raid into Memphis, Tennessee, probably for the purpose of securing the persons of Generals Washburne and Hurlburt. The particulars are given on page 588.

Early, it seems, has disappeared from Sheridan's front; but as the reabsorption of his force into Lee's army would leave the Lynchburg Road open to our forces in the Valley, it is probable that the rebel retreat was necessitated by the want of supplies. A portion of this force will doubtless join Lee's army to assist in driving our forces off from the Weldon Road, and this will prepare the way for Sheridan's advance southward. The rebels are now at every point driven to a purely defensive conduct of the war. This has not been true before since the war commenced, and is a most encouraging sign that the war is speedily drawing to a close.

From Mobile we have the simple announcement made in rebel journals that Fort Morgan is now in our possession.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Chicago Convention met August 29, and Ex-Governor Bigler was appointed temporary President. A Committee of delegates was chosen to report resolutions. The next day, upon the assembling of the Convention, Governor Seymour was elected its President, and the following Platform was adopted with but four dissentient voices:

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our strength, security, and happiness as a people, and as a frame-work of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the Administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a Government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration to its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens, who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiery of our army who are and have been in the field under the flag of our country, and in the event of our attaining power they will receive all the care, protection, regard, and kindness that the brave soldiers of the republic have so nobly earned.

On Wednesday General George B. M'Clellan was elected as the Democratic candidate for President, receiving 162 votes.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Mr. Charles Babbage, in "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," tells the following anecdote: Once, at a large dinner-party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass: it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination, that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, "Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on; consequently I catch no cold at all." This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited.

About ten months ago two gentlemen of San Francisco laid a wager, by which one of the parties was bound to the following condition: If the Federal forces did not capture Richmond within three days from that date, he was to give his opponent a single, sound, eatable apple; if Richmond held out sixty days he was to give him two apples, and so on, doubling the number for each month until Richmond was taken—to the end of time, if that event did not occur before. Nine months have passed since the first apple was handed over, and the list of apples delivered at the end of the successive months is as follows: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256—total 511. Apples are 4 cents. If Richmond be taken within the present month he will get back all the apples he has lost, and one more, which would make him more than even; but should it hold out a year longer and he continues to pay his losses, his last payment would cost him 40,960 dollars, and he would be 81,900 dollars out; in three months more he would be out 655,340 dollars.

Torture applied to extort confession was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstances: A conscientious judge, having observed the effects of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess any thing, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime in that country to kill a horse or mule; and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care one night to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could go into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds, he stole thither himself, and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He plead not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession, he had sentence of hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunals, and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment.

"I remember," says Dr. Leichfield, in his Autobiography, "being particularly struck with the personal neatness of John Wesley as he came out of his carriage. His coachman also attracted my notice; for he seemed to be his master's *valet de chambre*, his clerk when necessary, and his deputy, to converse and even argue with people. I heard that on one occasion an individual, who was one of the class of captious questioners, addressed himself to Mr. Wesley with an air of impertinent curiosity. The preacher had no time to spare, and, furthermore, felt it necessary to check annoyances of this kind for the future. He therefore gravely asked his questioner, 'Can you read Greek?' 'No, Sir, I can not,' was the reply. 'Oh, then,' rejoined Mr. Wesley, 'my coachman will be able to satisfy you.'"

Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome though painful shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

In the burial-register of Lymington, Hants, there is the following entry: "12th August, 1723. This forenoon the body of Samuel Baldwin, late inhabitant of this parish, was conveyed in a vessel off to sea, and was committed to the deep off the Needle rocks, near the Isle of Wight." "This appears to have been done," says a Hampshire paper, "in accordance with the wish of the deceased, to prevent his wife from dancing over his grave, which she threatened to do."

Curious anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Marville has given the following amusing account of his experiments: "While a man was playing on a trump-marine I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under the window. The cat was not the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind-legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing at us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighboring dung-hill, did not show in any manner that the trump-marine afforded them pleasure." That dogs have an ear for music can not be doubted. Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from the other; and a modern composer had a pug-dog that frisked merrily about the room when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed he would seat himself down by the piano, and prick up his ears with intense attention until the player came to the forty-eighth bar: as the discord was struck he would yell most piteously, and, with drooping tail, seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

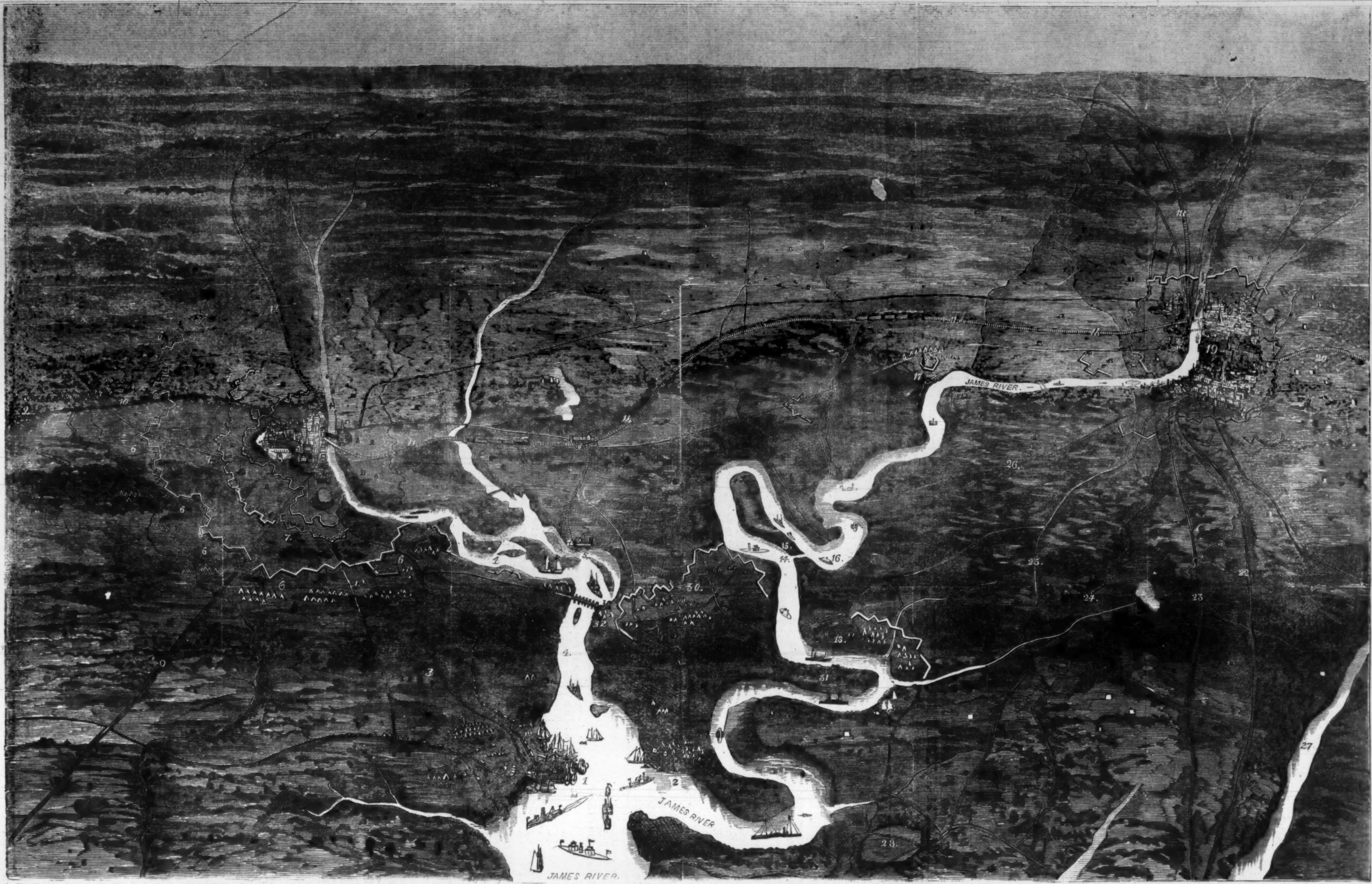
Eastcot relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and reappearing as they recommenced their strains. Bossut asserts that an officer confined in the Bastile drew forth mice and spiders, to beguile his solitude, with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time. Chateaubriand states as a perfect fact that he has seen the rattlesnakes in Upper Canada appeased by a musician. And the concert given in Paris to two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on the brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of the pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that further experiments were deemed dangerous.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But yee can mend it, can't ee?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family as he did so, "I can not disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

The number of looms employed in making Cashmere shawls does not exceed five hundred. Of the finest shawls not more than half an inch is completed in a day, although three workmen are employed on each piece, the shawl being composed of a number of separate pieces, which, as they rarely correspond in size, will account for that peculiar defectiveness which is often to be observed in the real "Cashmere." A long, narrow, but heavy shuttle is used; those of which the pattern is variegated are worked with wooden needles, there being a separate needle for the thread of each color. The people at the loom are superintended by a foreman, who is a skillful artist, with a fine eye for color and ornamental design. He explains to them, in a peculiar chanting tone, the figures, colors, and threads they are to use. During the whole operation the rough side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame, notwithstanding which the foreman never mistakes the most intricate designs. The shawl is not complete until all the separately-woven pieces of which it is composed are taken to the men who are employed in sewing all these portions together, so as to form a harmonious whole. At this tedious, and, as it would seem, puzzling work, they earn about a penny a day; and the experienced superintendent who overlooks their operations is very little better off than themselves.

We could give scores of instances of bad taste shown in the choice of patterns on our walls. The difficulty would be to find many which are not. In the choice of paper for the walls of rooms, it ought to be borne in mind that in most instances the covering of walls is only a background for prints, water-color drawings, or paintings; rooms may be seen hung with valuable drawings, papered with the gayest colored flowers. The force and beauty of works of art are completely destroyed by such a mounting. In addition to the bad choice of the paper, much damage is often done to prints and pictures, which now supply the place of the ancient tapestry, by the style of the frames.

There are above a quarter of a million of persons in England and Wales bearing the cosmopolitan surname of Smith, and above 45,000 persons in Scotland. If you meet 73 persons in England, or even 68 in Scotland, you may expect to find a Smith among them. Next to Smith there comes in each country a purely local name—Jones in England and Wales, Macdonald in Scotland; in every 73 persons in Scotland there is a Macdonald.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JAMES RIVER.
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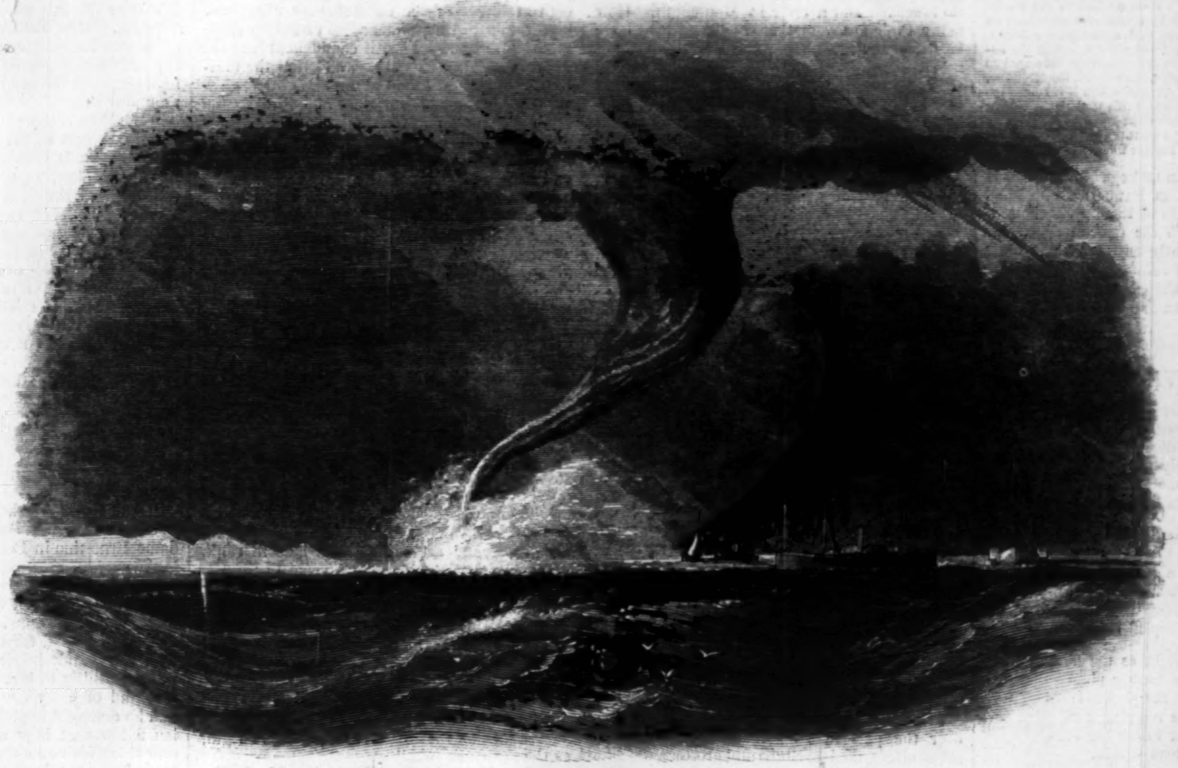
1. City Point.—2. Bermuda Hundred.—3. City Point Railroad.—4, 4. Appomattox River.—5. Port Walthal.—6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Union lines.—7, 7, 7. Rebel lines.—8. Petersburg.—9. Reams Station.—10. Weldon Railroad.—11, 11, 11, 11. Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.—12, Lynchburg Railroad, connecting with the Danville Railroad at Burkesville.—13. Deep Bottom.—14. Canal at Dutch Gap.—15. Farrar's Island.—16. Rebel Gun-boats above this point.—17. Fort Darling.—18. Danville Railroad.—19. Richmond.—20. Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad.—22, 23, 24, 25, 26. Roads leading out of Richmond.—27. The Chickahominy.—28. Malvern Hill.—30. Butler's lines.—31. Jones's Neck.—0. Norfolk Railroad.

ISOMETRIC VIEW OF GENERAL GRANT'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.—[See First Page.]

WATER-SPOUT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

WE illustrate on this page an incident which recently occurred in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, near a portion of the Federal fleet.

On the afternoon of August 3 a heavy water-spout was observed forming in the vicinity of the fleet. The weather being stormy, and several others having been seen during the day, no immediate concern was manifested regarding it; but as it soon attained such gigantic proportions as to exceed any thing ever before witnessed, serious fears were entertained for the safety of the tugs and other small craft of the fleet. After taking a circuitous route among the vessels, fortunately without encountering any, it struck out for the land, the water boiling and foaming beneath it, and being apparently lifted to a great height. On reaching the shore it immediately burst, discharging what appeared like a solid body of water of immense volume. The accompanying sketch was made by an officer of the *Shamrock* immediately after the occurrence. During the performance of this irregular drama by old Neptune the *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, and *Tacony* were near at hand, while the Union sailors were silent but by no means uninterested spectators.



GRAND WATER-SPOUT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, AUGUST 3, 1864.

FARRAGUT'S VICTORY.

WE give on this page, and on pages 584 and 585, illustrations of FARRAGUT's recent victory in Mobile Bay. The sketch accompanying this description represents the shot and shell which were extracted from the sides of the *Brooklyn* after her engagement with Fort Morgan and the ram *Tennessee*, August 5, 1864. The cut at the foot of this page gives a view of the sinking Monitor *Tecumseh*. While FARRAGUT was making his entrance into Mobile Bay past Fort Morgan, the *Tecumseh*, proceeding on the left of the fleet, struck upon a torpedo and went down. The infernal machine exploded almost directly under the Monitor, whose side was lifted six feet above the water, when she settled so rapidly that only five of her crew, who tumbled out through her port-holes, escaped. The Monitors, in a casualty of this nature, appear to be perfect traps, out of which there are no loop-holes of escape except the port-holes. The *Tecumseh* sank at the beginning of the action.

The conflict with the rebel ram *Tennessee*, illustrated on page 585, was the most spirited naval engagement of the war; it is only rivaled in interest by the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, early in 1862. After the rebel gun-boat *Selma* had surrendered, and the *Morgan* and *Gaines* been driven under the guns of Fort Morgan, FARRAGUT ordered the whole Federal fleet to engage the *Tennessee*, and to close upon her as rapidly as possible. The order was none too quickly given, as the ram was uninjured by our fire, and in the rear of our fleet, threatening seriously to interrupt our progress.

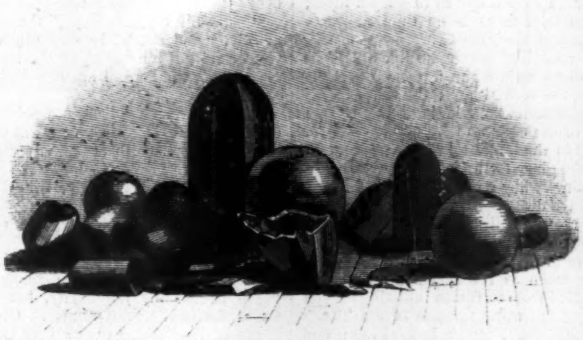
At the time of the engagement FARRAGUT was passing the water batteries under Fort Morgan. The fire of all the vessels seemed to have no effect on the ram. When the order was given to run her down, the *Monongahela*, *Lackawanna*, and *Brooklyn* all butted against her, "and they might as well," says our correspondent, "have butted against the Crow's Nest on the Hudson!" The Monitors appear to have forced the ram to surrender; they made the splinters fly inside of the heavy iron and wooden armor of the *Tennessee*. The *Manhattan* sent a solid 15-inch shell through her side at a distance of twenty-five yards. The *Chickasaw*, also, did splendidly with her 11-inch guns. The *Winnebago* was less rapid in her movements. Probably the chief causes of the surrender of the ram were the wounding of Admiral BUCHANAN and the injury done to her rudder chains. The length of the vessel was 200 feet, her breadth 48. Her draught is 14 feet 8 inches.

The following description of the ram is given by a correspondent of the *Tribune*:

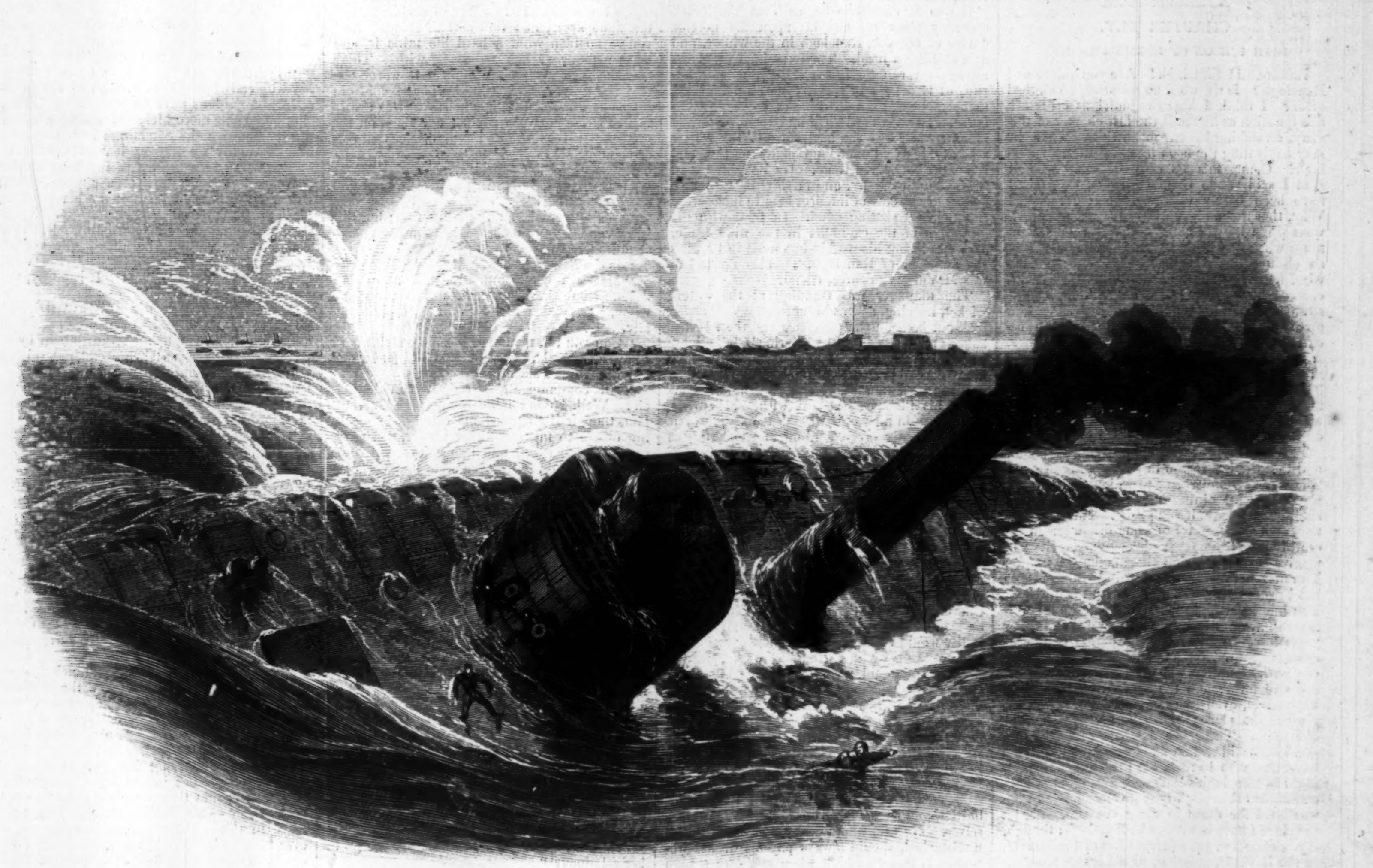
"In form she varies from the old *Merrimac*, though evidently a modification of that unfortunate and short-lived craft.

"Her armor consists of two and a half inch iron, in bars eight inches wide, crossing each other, and bolted down with one and three-quarter inch bolts, making five inches of solid iron. This again is backed by two feet of solid oak throughout the entire portion of the boat above the water-line, and extending some feet even below that. From her forward casemates forward, including her pilot-house, an additional inch of iron is given her, making six inches of plating, and an additional foot, making three feet of wooden backing at this part of the boat.

"Her gun-room, if that is the proper term to use, occupies about two-thirds of her length, and is constructed with a flat top, composed of two and a half by eight-inch iron bars, crossed and bolted together, forming a close lattice-work above her gunners, and affording ventilation while in action. The sides are inclined like those of the old *Merrimac*, and, as before stated, are composed of five inches of iron plating, backed with two feet of solid oak backing, through which, in the fight with our fleet, no ball succeeded in piercing. Her ports, of which there are two on ei-



SHOT AND SHELL EXTRACTED FROM THE "BROOKLYN" AUGUST 5, 1864.
[SKETCHED BY SIGSBY.]



DESTRUCTION OF THE MONITOR "TECUMSEH" BY A REBEL TORPEDO, IN MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.]

ther side, and one fore and aft, are closed by means of iron shutters, which revolve upon a pivot in the centre of one side, and are worked by means of a cog-wheel on the inside in a very simple and expeditious manner. They are liable, however, to derangement, and in the engagement with our fleet two were actually so deranged as to prevent their being opened, while a third, the after one, was shot away entirely, the pivot on which it revolved being broken off, and it was through this that the fragment of shell entered which wounded the rebel Admiral, as he was standing near directing a gunner to clear away some splinters with which it had become filled."

The two sketches given on page 584 illustrate in detail the conflict between Farragut's fleet and the rebel gun-boats. One of these gives the portion of the conflict with the ram, in which the *Richmond* was prominently engaged. The other illustrates the fight between the *Metacomet* and the *Selma*, resulting in the surrender of the latter with 93 men, 18 of whom had been killed, and 22 wounded.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She hid her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O Western Wind! do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast?
When he as gladly folded her in
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin.

O Ellery Vane! you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLV.

HIGH SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Ranelagh! Ranelagh! Are you quite sure! Ranelagh? Is the word no misprint, no clerical error? I think I hear the judicious critic ask this question as he reads the last chapter of this story, scratching his ear meanwhile. Then, he may haply fling the book by altogether. Ranelagh! Come, this exceeds human patience. Had I said White Conduit House, that might have been barely tolerable. But Ranelagh! Why, that was a place whither Horace Walpole went when he was a beau, and the Miss Gunnings when they were belles. It was altogether an eighteenth-century place, devoted to periwigs, hoops, powder, patches, brocaded sacks, clocked hose, high-heeled shoes, fans, small-swords, cocked-hats, and clouded canes. Our great-grandmothers went to Ranelagh in sedan-chairs, and attended by little black boys. A certain Mrs. Amelia Booth (wife of a captain in a marching regiment, and known to a certain Mr. Henry Fielding) supped there one night, more than a hundred years ago, in company with a clerical gentleman who had a few words during the evening with a British nobleman.

To which I reply that I know what I am about, and that there is reason in the roasting of eggs. The place of amusement to which the Pilgrims repaired, after dining so well in Park Lane, shall be Ranelagh, if you please. This is an age in which the exercise of some discretion in literature is necessary. Your contemporaries will forgive every thing but the naming of names. You may write and say the thing which is *not;* but beware of giving utterance to that which *is*. You know that the Memoirs of the candid Talleyrand are not to be published until full thirty years have elapsed from the period of his lamented death. Some few of the contemporaries of Charles Maurice, who might be compromised, are still alive; and the candid creature could be discreet, even in the tomb. For a similar reason, the place I have in my eye shall be Ranelagh. There are numbers of ladies and gentlemen still extant, and flourishing like green bay-trees, who have heard the chimes at midnight in Ranelagh's leafy orchards, and have occasionally taken slightly more lobster-salad than was good for them in those recesses. So, let the place I have in my eye be Ranelagh; though, if you choose to get a private Act of Parliament, or the Royal Permission, or a License from the Herald's College, or to exercise your own sweet will, there is nothing to prevent your calling it Tivoli, or Marylebone, or Spring Gardens.

Besides, did not a gentleman, a few pages since, make the profoundly philosophical, if not entirely original remark, that there was a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth. How many Ptolemys were there? There may have been Ranelaghs and Ranelaghs. All were not necessarily patronized by Horace Walpole and the Misses Gunning. Is there not a London in Middlesex, and a London in Canada? A Boulogne in the department of the Seine, and a Boulogne in the department of the Pas de Calais? An Aix in Savoy, an Aix in Provence, and an Aix in Rhenish Prussia? An Alexandria in the land of Egypt, and an Alexandria in the State of Virginia?

At all events, all the Ranelaghs are gone by this time—your Ranelagh and my Ranelagh. Yes; the pleasant place is departed. The fifty thousand additional lamps are fled, and the garlands of flowers, real and artificial, are dead. The plaster statues have reverted to dust and their primitive gypsum; the trees have been cut down; their very roots grubbed up. Bricks and mortar invade the once verdant expanse of the Ramilies ground. No more balloons ascend from that Campus Martius. There are wine-cellars where once the lake was; pantries and sculleries where once the panorama of Moscow raised its cupolas of painted canvas, profusely festooned with squibs and crackers, to the star-lit sky. Pulled down, laid waste, and laid out again: such has been the fate of Ranelagh. Its present desolation of hods, scaffold-poles, and places where rubbish may be shot, seems even more dreadful than would be utter solitude and silence. Somebody Else—that ruthless and immovable Somebody Else—has got hold of Ranelagh, and turned it to other uses. May it, under its new aspect, be profitable to Somebody! It is certain that Ranelagh, as Ranelagh, never did pay Anybody.

Is it necessary to shed a few sympathetic tears over the parterres, the fountains, the umbrageous alleys, the labyrinths and grottoes, the supper-arbors, the long ball-room—over the orchestra with its shell-shaped sounding-board, and the little hutch beneath, where you purchased the creaming stout in brown jugs which might once have been Toby Philpots, and have lived in the vales? I should like so to weep a little; but, unfortunately, there is no time to weep. The Pilgrims and Madame Ernestine, professor of the high school of horsemanship, are waiting. Let others mourn the fiddlers who were wont to wear the cocked-hats; the tipsy, fraudulent waiters, alternately cringing and abusive; the masters of the ceremonies, humble disciples of the school of the immortal S——; the money-takers; the gipsy fortune-teller and the prophetic hermit. They were all worthy folk, no doubt, but have disappeared. So have the petrified fowls at five shillings each, the ham cut so thin that it resembled the leaves of some fatty sensitive plant, and curled into shrinking convolutions when you touched it; the rack punch, so called from its fumes inflicting on you next morning the worst tortures of the Tower of London and the Spanish Inquisition; and that remarkable rose-pink Champagne which never went round more than once, and never cost less than half a guinea a bottle.

It was M'Variety, who, as Tom Tuttleshell correctly observed, had hit upon the notable device of opening Ranelagh in the winter, and at a shilling a head. The experiment was disastrous—every experiment ended, in the long-run, at Ranelagh in catastrophe—but its commencement was not destitute of a certain brilliance. Thomas Tuttleshell had done M'Variety much good since the beginning of the winter season. He had made up many parties, and brought many lords there. He had interested himself with editors, and affably presided at a supper of the élite of intellect held to inaugurate the artificial skating pond. In fact, with the exception of the capitalist in the wine trade, who was losing his weekly hundreds in backing the manager of Ranelagh, Thomas Tuttleshell was M'Variety's dearest friend.

The manager was standing at the water-wicket, keeping, as was his custom, a very sharp look-out both on the pay-place and the free-list box, as the party from the Pilgrims' Club alighted from their cab. It may be imagined how many cordial pressures of the hand he bestowed on Tom, and how many sweeping bows he favored his illustrious visitors with. M'Variety was a man in a chronic state of bankruptcy, but who constantly arose, smiling and cheerful, as though refreshed by ruin. There never was, perhaps, a debtor who was so much beloved by his creditors. Those to whom he owed most were generally the first to help him to start afresh. It was the opinion of the capitalist in the wine trade—an opinion frequently expressed as he signed the weekly checks—that it was no good crying after spilt milk; that a man could not eat his cake and have it; that you could not always be turning over your money ten times a year; and that there was a deal of meat on M'Variety yet. "Sir," the enthusiastic capitalist would exclaim, "if Ranelagh was to be swallowed up by an earthquake next Saturday night, Mac would have the neatest bill about the ruins (as patronized by royalty) to be seen at three o'clock in the afternoon and nine o'clock at night, out in Sunday's paper, that ever you saw. He is a man of spirit, Sir, is Mac." So the capitalist went on signing checks and sending in cases upon cases of the rose-pink Champagne.

M'Variety always looked after his small liabilities, and let the large ones take care of themselves. He who would owe much, and yet live undisturbed, should always pay his washer-woman. It is astonishing when you owe a man thirty-seven thousand pounds to find how eager he is to ask you to dinner, and to lend you another three thousand pounds to make up the round sum. Mac always paid his small people. He never treated his underlings to an empty treasury. The ghost walked regularly at Ranelagh at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, however spare the promenaders on Friday night might have been. Thus it came about that the small folks loved M'Variety, and that the master-carpenter—to whom he had presented a silver snuff-box for his exertions in getting up the fire-work scaffolding for the panorama of Moscow—declared, with tears in his eyes, that the governor was the honestest soul he ever drove a nail for, and that if timber ever ran short in the gardens, he'd cut down Bushey Park (at the risk of transportation for life) sooner than the governor should want it. And finally, as Mac, whether it was hail, rain, or sunshine with him, always entertained a retinue of old pensioners, and took great care of an old grandmother (who considered him the brightest genius of any age) and two spinster sisters down in Devonshire, he was not, perhaps, on the whole, such a bad sort of a fellow.

"Tip-toppers?" whispered the manager to his friend, as he bustled officiously in advance of his guests.

"The very first," Thomas returned. "An earl, a baron, and a foreign count: no end of a swell. The conceited puppy," he added, mentally, to compensate for his slightly imaginative eulogium on Edgar Greyfaunt. It was a harmless peculiarity of our friend that he always gave his aristocratic acquaintances a step in rank. Thus, if you were a captain, he spoke of you as colonel; if you were an archdeacon, he made you a bishop.

"Sure, I'm very much obliged to you Tom," went on M'Variety. "Come and chop on Sunday?"

"Thanks. Can't promise, but we'll see."

"Well, I know you will if some other swell doesn't turn up. This way, gentlemen. You're just in time for the circus. Just a goin' to begin, as the showman said."

"Who is this Madame Ernestine, Mr. M'Variety?" asked Sir William Long, quitting Lord Carlton's arm to walk with the manager.

"Famous French equestrian, my lord. Just arrived from Paris. Turned all the people's heads there. Pay her a tremendous salary."

"I am Sir William Long," the baronet said, quietly, "and should be very much obliged if you would tell me any thing definite about this Madame Ernestine. I am very curious, indeed, to learn."

The manager indulged in a subdued—a very subdued—whistle. He glanced at the baronet's face, and saw that it wore an expression of earnest curiosity.

"Well, she ain't young, Sir William," he made answer.

"If she is the person I mean she must be forty years of age, or thereabout."

"You may bet your money on *that* horse, Sir William," acquiesced the manager. "Hope you'll excuse my familiarity, but I've always found the swells most affable. His Grace the Duke of Darbyshire comes here twice a week, thanks to my friend Tom Tuttleshell. Invaluable fellow, Tom. His grace wanted to drive his four-in-hand over the artificial lake, but I was obliged to refuse him, for fear of accidents, and the newspapers, and that sort of thing. Ah! you've no idea what a hard life mine is, and what a manager has to put up with. Those licensing magistrates are enough to worry one into the grave. Only think. That stupid old Sergeant Timberlake, the chairman, was nearly giving a casting vote against our shop, on the ground that skating was immoral, and that colored lamps led to drinking."

"Believe in my sympathy, Mr. M'Variety; but this Madame Ernestine, now. You say that she is not young?"

"She's no chicken, and that's a fact; but this is, of course, entre nous. Ladies in her profession are never supposed to grow old."

"Is she handsome?"

"Makes up uncommonly well at night; doesn't spare the 'slap,' you know, the red and white," responded Mr. M'Variety, diplomatically.

"Can you tell me any thing more about her? I have a particular object in inquiring, far beyond any impertinent curiosity."

"All communications strictly confidential, eh? Well, I don't mind telling *you*, Sir William, though it's against my rules. My standing orders to my stage-door keeper, when any questions are asked him by parties—and some have been asked by the very first in the land—about the ladies and gentlemen of the company, is to tell 'em to find out, and if they ain't satisfied with *that*, to write to *Notes and Queries*. That generally satisfies the Paul Prys, and you don't know how we're bothered with 'em. Now, to tell you the honest truth about Madame Ernestine, she's about the most mysterious party I ever knew, and I have known a *few* mysterious parties in my time, Sir William."

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. M'Variety; pray proceed."

"I can't make out whether she's a Frenchwoman or an Englishwoman. She speaks one language as well as the other. She swears like a trooper and drinks like a fish, which ain't very uncommon in the horse-riding profession; but then she gives herself all sorts of fine-lady airs, and treats you as if you were a door-mat. She says she was married to a tremendous swell, an Englishman, who is dead, and that she is a lady in her own right. My treasurer, Van Post, won't believe it, and you'd find it rather hard to meet with a sharper customer than Billy Van Post. 'If she's a lady,' says he, 'why don't she go to her relations?'"

"Is she talented?"

"Clever as Old Scratch, to whom, I think, she's first cousin. But, to tell you the honest truth, Sir William, she's too old for the kick-out business. At her time of life the swells don't care about seeing her jump through the hoops. It's time for her to cover up her ankles, Sir William. Tom Tuttleshell told her so, and she offered to knock him down for it; but we got her to listen to reason at last. You see, Tom found her out for me in Paris, and I pay her a thumping salary."

"But does it pay you to do so?"

"That's just it, Sir William. You'd hardly credit it, but it does pay tremendously. That ingenious fellow, Tom Tuttleshell, put me up to the dodge of the high school of horsemanship which he had seen at Franconi's. It's as easy as lying," pursued the candid Mr. M'Variety; "and it ain't far off from lying, any way."

"What may this novel invention be?"

"Just this: You've got a lady rider that's clever—first-rate, mind, but passy. Well, you just put her into a riding-habit and a man's hat, and you give her a trained horse and a side-saddle, and she makes him go through all kind of capers to slow music, and the audience they go half wild with excitement. It's a new thing, Sir William, and tickles 'em. The British public are very capricious, and have got tired of the Three Graces on one horse, and the Swiss Shepherdess on her milk-white steed, and such like."

"And the high-school horse?"

"Perfection. When Tom first dug out Madame Ernestine in Paris she was very low down in the world, going round the fairs, I have heard say, as a spotted girl, or a mermaid, or a giantess, or something not worth five-and-twenty bob a week, at all events. She was quite broken, in fact, and good for nothing but to make play with the brandy-bottle. Well, Tom saw there was something in her, and that she was exactly the kind of party for the high-school business, and he managed to pick up a horse from an Italian fellow that kept a wax-work show—Venti something his name was; and that horse and the madame have turned me in a pretty penny since I opened. I wish every thing else in the gardens had turned out as profitably," M'Variety added, with a half-sigh.

"And the madame, as you call her, is a success?"

"Draws tremendously. As I warned you, she's no great shakes as to youth or good looks; but for pluck, action, and general 'go,' that woman," the manager continued, confidentially, "may be considered a Ripper. Fear! She doesn't know what fear is. Five-barred gates! She'd take the wall of the King's Bench Prison, chevaux de frise and all, and leap over the Surrey Hills into the bargain. She's a Ripper, Sir William, and nothing but a Ripper."

"Is she alone—I mean, does she live alone?"

"Yes and no. Husband's dead, so she says. That I told you. The wax-work Italian says he's her uncle, but he's abroad. She has a fresh servant about once every fortnight after she's broken the old one's head with a water-jug. Barring that, I think she's alone. Stay, there's a little chit of a girl that lives with her—a niece, or cousin, or dependent of some kind, though Billy Van Post, my treasurer, will have it that she's the madame's daughter. A quiet little girl she is, and would be pretty if she wasn't so thin and pale. Like a little ghost she is. The madame leads her an awful life."

"And the name of this little girl?"

"There you ask more than I can tell you. My wife calls her a little angel, and the people about the gardens have nicknamed her Cinderella. She gets more kicks than half-pence from the madame; and I sometimes feel inclined to interfere, only we like to leave these foreign horse-riders to themselves as much as we can. The madame has a devil of a temper. Twice I've been obliged to go bail for her good behavior at Lambeth Police Court after she and the water-jug and her dressers have fallen out."

"It is the countess," thought Sir William Long. "Poor little Lily!" To Mr. M'Variety he went on, abstractedly: "It is pretty, very pretty, indeed."

The conversation to which I have striven to give coherent sequence had in reality been made up of disjointed fragments strewn about by the voluble M'Variety as they wandered through the gardens. Long before its close they had entered the wooden pavilion fitted up as a circus, and ensconced themselves in the manager's own private box. Here Lord Carlton, after expressing to Tom Tuttleshell his opinion that M'Variety was a worthy, a very worthy fellow, went placidly to sleep. Tom, who was one of the most placable of creatures, and had quite forgotten Edgar's offensive manner toward him, would have been very happy to entertain the young man with a lively description of every thing and every body connected with Ranelagh; but the sultan chose to continue superciliously sulky, and Tom, seeing that he was merely wasting his words, slipped out of the box and had a walk round the gardens, where he found numbers of people who felt amazingly flattered and patronized by his condescending to talk to them.

Sir William Long was too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice the departure of Tom, or of the polite manager, who, when his guests were seated, withdrew to see after one of his thousand-and-one concernments about the gardens. Between the slumbering peer and the simpering dandy—who was looking at the audience in the hope, and with the expectation, that they were looking at and admiring him—Sir William Long had ample scope to think. The memories came rushing over him. In the desert of a misspent life two or three oases started up. His remembrance went back to a dinner at Greenwich, to a little timid girl he had petted, and made playful love to, to a kiss he had printed on her forehead. How many years had passed since that dinner, and yet how many hundreds of times he had recalled it; how vividly he could recall its minutest incidents now! Why? It was but an ordinary tavern festival. He had been at scores of similar revelries, in company as good, as bad, or as indifferent, since. There had been nothing about it out of the common. Nothing but the child who had sat by his side. And what was she to him: to him, a gentleman of wealth, title, and ancient descent? If she lived, and were indeed this Ernestine's dependent, she could scarcely be a woman even now, and he was worn and grizzled. Why should his thoughts revert, again and again, to the childish playmate—the playmate but of an hour—whom he had kissed in the tavern hall?

"Here is the *high* school of horsemanship," remarked Mr. Greyfaunt. "What a dreadful old harridan in a riding-habit to be sure! She looks like Queen Boadicea addressing the ancient Britons."

The Swiss Shepherdess had whirled round the arena on her milk-white steed, scattering artificial flowers out of a kind of decorated milk-pail, and casting quantities of pulverized tan into the eyes of the groundlings. The Three Graces, in very short skirts, and somewhat faded fleshings, had likewise made the circuit of the ring on their solitary steed. The clown had uttered his usual dreary witticisms; and his colleague, rival, and deadly foe, a French grotesque, attired in garments of parti-colored hue, had tied himself into several knots, grinned between his legs, knocked the back of his head against the small of his back and uttered the customary ejaculations of "La, la!" to the immense delight of the audience. French grotesques were novelties in those days, and the mountebank in question was exceedingly popular.

The legitimate British clown stood apart watching the gyrations of his alien competitor with intense disgust.

"*That* fit for a Hinglish king, is it?" muttered the Briton. "*That's* the sort of thing that's to go down at Windsor Castle before the r'yal fam'ly and the nobility and gentry. It's enough to make a fellow take to the busking game, or turn Methody parson at once. I'd rather be a barker to a shoe-shop in the Cut than demean myself like that."

Here the volatile foreigner, whose head was turned by success, and who was plainly presuming on his popularity, came up to our British friend with his tongue out and "I say, mistare—" The clown, whose cockscomb was out of joint, administered to him the kick of contempt a little harder than he would have done to an English colleague, and grumbling, "I'll punch your 'ed after the fire-works, see if I don't," submitted to be touched up by the riding-master's whip, to thrust his hands into the pockets of his pantaloons, turn in his toes, make a grimace, and to propound, for the seventeen-hundredth time, one of the seventeen conundrums he had carefully studied from a jest-book, bought at the stall, at the outset of his professional career.

I think it was subsequently to the performance of Herr Mooney, the spangled contortionist, who achieved such fame through his desperate efforts to swallow himself, that the celebrated trick act of the Young Strangler, from the Imperial Circus Samarcand, took place. Strangler used to appear, you recollect, as a British sailor, from which, by continual flinging off his outer garments into the ring, he was successively transformed into a parish beadle, Punch, a Scottish Highlander, Massaroni the Brigand, the Emperor Napoleon, and Cupid, God of Love. It was just after Strangler's second recall, amidst thunders of applause at the close of his performance, that the band, which had been contentedly repeating, times and again, those good old jog-trot airs traditional in all circuses I have ever seen all over the world, and which seems to have been expressly composed for horses to canter to, addressed itself to a very slow and almost lugubrious prelude. And then the heavy curtains which veiled the entrance to the circus from the stables were drawn aside, the barriers were thrown open, and Madame Ernestine, in a black velvet riding-habit, a shining beaver, a silver-gray veil, and waving an ivory-mounted whip, made her appearance on her celebrated trained steed—a magnificent chestnut mare.

The high school of horsemanship required some time to be appreciated. In the beginning it bored you somewhat. A long time elapsed before it seemed to be coming to any thing. At first the movements of the trained steed induced the belief that she had got a stone in her foot, and was making stately but tedious efforts, always to slow music, to paw the impediment out. Then she slowly backed on to the edges of the ring among the groundlings, causing the women and children in the lower rows to shriek. After that she reared up, until her fore-hoofs seemed in dangerous proximity to the chandelier, and her long sweeping tail lay almost on a level with the dust of the area. Then she curveted sideways; then she went through a series of dignified steps, now approaching a gavotte, and now offering some resemblance to the menuet de la cour. Anon the musicians struck up a livelier strain, and the trained steed began to prance and to canter. The canter broke into a gallop, interspersed with sudden checks, with rigid halts, with renewed gallops, with desperate plunges, and which concluded with a terrific high-flying leap over the barriers. The audience shouted applause. The grooms clambered on to the barriers, and held up between them a scarf breast high. The trained steed took it easily, and bounded back into the ring. And then the music became soft and solemn and subdued again, and the docile creature subsided into gentle amblings, and almost imperceptible gambadoes. Such was the high school of horsemanship. It has been refined since then, and the leap over the scarf left out; but it still culminates in a sensation.

Sir William Long cared very little for the high school of horsemanship; but he never took his eyes off the horsewoman. She rode wonderfully well. She was evidently very powerful of hand, and had complete command (the which she exercised unsparingly) over her horse; but her movements were at the same time replete with grace. She flinched not, she faltered not when her charger was caracoling on a bias perilously out of the centre of gravity. She and the horse seemed one. She must have been Lycus's sister.

She was, more certainly, the countess who once used to live at the Hôtel Rataplan; the once-handsome lady who had dined at Greenwich, and taken Lily to be fitted out at Cutwig & Co.'s, and had left the child at the Marcassin's. She was the widow of Francis Blunt. "Yes," William said to himself, "it was she." Woefully changed in many respects she was; by age, perchance, the least; but there were the old traits; there was the old manner; and, at the heat and height of her horse-tricks, when the animal she rode was careering round the circle at topmost speed, there were audible, above the sibillant slash of the whip on the poor beast's flank, the cries by which she strove to excite him to still further rapidity. And these were the same tones which William Long had heard years ago, when the impetuous woman was angry or excited.

She had more than reached middle age, and her features, it was easy to see, had lost their beauty. Beneath the paint and powder they must have been swollen or haggard, flushed or sallow. You could not tell, in the glare of the gaslight, the precise nature of the change which had come over her, or how she would look by day; but something told you that the change was an awful one. Masses of superb hair there still were, braided beneath her hat; but, pshaw! is not superb hair to be bought at the barber's for so much an ounce? But her eyes still flashed, and her teeth were still white, and her figure was still supple and stately.

Sir William Long waited until the high-school act had come to a close; and then gently woke up Lord Carlton. His lordship was good enough to say that he had spent a most delightful evening; but that he was afraid that the claret was corked. He also inquired after Thomas Tuttleshell, and being informed that the excellent creature in question was below, in the gardens, remarked that he dare say Tom was looking up some supper. Which was the precise truth. Thomas had fastened on a special waiter, one whose civility was only equaled by his sobriety—a combination of qualities somewhat rare at Ranelagh, and at other places of entertainment besides—and had instructed him to lay out a neat little repast in one of the arbors overlooking the covered promenade: something toothsome in the way of cold chickens, lobster-salad, Champagne, and that rack punch, for the concoction of which Ranelagh had earned so world-wide and well-deserved a fame. The quantities of rack punch drunk at Ranelagh by his late Royal Highness the Prince Regent, assisted by Philip Duke of Orleans and Colonel Hanger! The statistician staggers at the task of enumeration.

The sultan was by this time weary of the horse-riding, and strolled down with his lordship, lisping flippant disparagement of the "dreadful painted old woman" who had presumed to inflict her forty years upon him. If the countess could only have heard that complacent sultan's criticism! There was life, and muscle, and devil in her still; and I believe that the protégée of La Beugleuse would have essayed to tear the dandy limb from limb.

Sir William Long was glad to slip away from companions with whom he had scant sympathy. The sleepy peer bored him; and Greyfaunt's arrogance and petit-maitre assumptions irritated him beyond measure: he could scarcely tell why. "I am growing crabbed and morose," Sir William reasoned; "my liver must be out of order. I was wont to be tolerant of puppies. This young fellow is not an arranter donkey than hundreds of his race who hang about town; yet his drawling insolence makes me quiver all over with a desire to knock him down. Decidedly we are as oil and vinegar, Monsieur Greyfaunt and I." He called him "Monsieur," the further to disparage him in the eyes of himself—the baronet of unmingled English lineage.

Fortuitously he met Tom Tuttleshell returning beaming from his interview with the special waiter. He liked Tom, and, although using him as most men did that obliging soul, did not despise him.

"Tom," said the baronet, "you are just the fellow to do me a service."

"What is it, Sir William?" asked Tom, who would have tried to jump through one of the hoops, or to attempt the high school of horsemanship itself, if any one had asked him affably.

"I want to go behind the scenes of the circus."

Tom rubbed his left whisker with a puzzled air. "I have heard of scenes *in* the circus," he rejoined; "but there are no scenes behind it, that I am aware of. There's not much to see in the place where the horse-riders go between the performances, if that's what you mean. Stables, and saw-dust, and grooms, and lots of people cursing and swearing dreadfully. Those horse-riders are a rough lot. Very dull and very dirty, and so on."

"Never mind what kind of a place it is. I wish to see it. Will you pass me through? or shall I ask Mr. M'Variety?"

"No need to do that, Sir William. I'll get you in, of course. I have the Open, sesame! all over the gardens."

Tom seemed to have the Open, sesame! every where. They used to say he had a master-key to the bullion vaults of the Bank of England, the tea-room at Almack's, the omnibus-box at Her Majesty's, the copper door in the wall of Northumberland House, and the cage where the crown is kept in the Tower of London.

He led the baronet to a little door of unpainted wood, on which were rudely red-ochred the words—"No admittance except on business." Sir William told him where to find Lord Carlton, and Tom, after sundry cabalistic signs and occult whispers which made it "all right!" with the door-keeper (who looked half like a groom and half like a grave-digger, and was, in truth, by day, a kind of under-gardener and odd man, who looked about the parterres and bosquets of Ranelagh), went on his way rejoicing.

This was not the first theatre, or semi-theatre, by many scores, to the penetralia of which Sir William Long had in his time gained admittance. From the Italian Opera House to the little dramatic hovels of country towns, "Behind the Scenes" was a familiar locality to him. From experience, he knew that the best course to pursue in these strange places was to keep straight on, until somebody halloaed to him to stop.

He heard the loud, angry tones of a woman's voice; and he knew at once whose voice it was.

He was in a kind of alley, or saw-dusted gangway, smelling very strongly of gas, orange-peel, and horse-litter, leading on one hand to the stables, and on the other to a range of closets rudely partitioned off with planks and used as dressing-rooms by the ladies and gentlemen of the equestrian company. He was bidden to "get out of the vay there" by a groom, who was leading a very stout and peaceful Dobbin, with a mild, watery eye, a very round nose, and a coat covered all over with spots, like black wafers. This was the celebrated educated pony Rasselas, that played at chess (invariably checkmating the clown), drank port-wine, and made believe to read the Supplement of the *Times* newspaper.

Stepping aside to avoid this erudite animal, Sir William found himself close to one of the dressing-rooms just mentioned, and the door of which was more than half open. A lady in a riding-habit, the trail of the skirt thrown over her arm, was standing on the threshold, her back toward him, and raging fearfully.

Her conversation and her ire were apparently leveled at some person inside the dressing-room.

"You nasty, lazy, idle, worthless little wretch," she cried out, "you've sewn the lining in my hat so badly that it all but tumbled off and ruined my act. Look at it—look at it, you slovenly little cat. Look at it, you good-for-nothing, do-nothing pauper!"

With which agreeable and considerate remarks she absolutely wrenched the unsatisfactory beaver from off her head, and flung it from her into the dressing-room toward the unseen object of her rage.

Sir William heard a plaintive little sob from the dressing-room.

The infuriated woman suddenly turned her tongue over, and in a voluble scream proceeded to abuse the invisible offender in French:

"Oui, pleure. Ça fera du bien, n'est-ce pas? Ça raccommodera un chapeau de trente-cinq francs que v'là abimé. Ah! tu me paieras ce chapeau-là, petite diablesse! Pleure donc. Toi et un crocodile c'est à pleurnicher à qui mieux mieux. Petite satanée, tu me sers encore un plat de ton métier. Ne me donne pas la réplique, ou je te flanque une paire de giffles. Tu l'as fait exprès. Exprès. M'entends-tu? Et ces palefreniers—qui sont bien les plus infâmes drôles du monde—sont là qui ricanent. Attends, attends! je vais te tremper une soupe, fainéante! Ma parole d'honneur, j'ai envie de te cingler les épaules avec ma cravache."

She made so threatening a move inward, she made so ominous a gesture with the hand that held the horsewhip, that Sir William, who, although he could ill keep pace with, had understood the purport of her jargon well enough, became really alarmed lest positive outrage should follow her menace. He stepped forward, and, at all hazards, determined to arrest her in her intent, laid his hand on her arm, and stammered out, "Madame! madame! je vous en prie!"

The woman turned round upon him with ferocious rapidity. In forcing her hat off her hair had come down. Those tresses were not from the barber's at so much an ounce. They were her own, and were superb. But with her locks streaming over her shoulders, and her bloodshot eyes, and the heat-drops pouring down her face, which Sir William could see now was coarse and furrowed, she looked like a fury.

"Cent mille tonnerres!" she cried out, "que me veut ce voyou-là?"

The situation was critical. Madame Ernestine was a lady evidently accustomed to the adoption of extreme measures. What business had Sir William there, then? What right had he to interfere with a lady with whom he was unacquainted, and who was merely scolding—her servant, perhaps? A horsewhip might not have been an unusual argument in use behind the scenes of a circus. Now that he had gone so far, what was to be his next move?

Luckily Madame Ernestine evinced no immediate intent of seizing him by the throat or of tearing his eyes out. As even greater luck would have it, M'Variety, the manager, came bustling up at this moment.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" he inquired of an assistant riding-master.

"It's that thundering Frenchwoman again," replied the gentleman with the gold braid down the seams of his pantaloons, and the mustache whose lustrous blackness was due to the soot from the smoke of a candle, caught on the lid of a pomatum-pot, rubbed up with the unguent and applied with the finger, hot. "'Pon my word, governor, there'll be murder here some night; she'll knife somebody and get hanged at Horsemonger Lane. The way she bullies that poor little girl who waits upon her's awful. This is the third time to-night I've heard her threaten to skin her alive."

"Oh, nonsense!" rejoined Mr. M'Variety, who remembered how well the Madame drew, and wished to keep things as pleasant as possible. "It's only her temper." And he pushed his way by toward the scene of action.

"Temper be smothered," grumbled the assistant riding-master, retiring into a corner, and giving his whip a vengeful crack. "She's a regular devil that woman, and four nights out of six she's as lushy as a boiled owl. If she belonged to me I wouldn't quilt her! I wouldn't make the figure of eight on her shoulders with whip-cord! Oh dear, no! not at all."

"Mr. M'Variety," said the baronet, as the manager came bustling up, "you will infinitely oblige me by introducing me to the talented equestrian Madame Ernestine, whose charming performance I have just witnessed, and whose acquaintance I am respectfully anxious to make."

Madame Ernestine appeared to be susceptible of conciliation. She courtesied with her old haughty grace as the delighted manager ceremoniously presented Sir William Long, Baronet, to her; she even bestowed a smile upon him; but she took care to close the door of her dressing-room behind her, and to set her back against it, and, meanwhile, from the countenance of Sir William Long, Baronet, she never moved her eyes.

The manager, who was always in a hurry, bustled away again and left them together.

"Ah! it is you," the woman said. "I have written to you half a dozen times for money, and you have never answered me. That was long ago, it is true."

Sir William explained that he had been abroad, sometimes for years at a time. Where had she written to?

"It does not matter. You did not send the money. You are all alike, you men. What do you want now?"

"Well, we are old friends, countess, and—"

"Bah! A d'autres vos sornettes. What do you want with me, now that I am old, and wrinkled, and fond of brandy, and can not show my legs? You don't want me to dine at Greenwich with you now. I am ugly, and coarse, and éreintée."

"Come, come, countess," pursued Sir William, "don't be cross. Whitebait isn't in, or we should be delighted to see you at Greenwich, I'm sure. You must come and sup with us to-night when you have changed your dress. Carlton is here. You remember Carlton?"

"I remember every body. How old and worn you look! What have you been doing to yourself? You must have to pay dearly for your bonnes fortunes now. Nobody would fall in love with you pour vos beaux yeux."

She was unchanged, inwardly at least. The old, insolent, defiant countess.

"Never mind what I have been doing to myself. Will you come and sup? We will have plenty of Champagne."

"Champagne! I am too old to drink Champagne. I like cognac better. Well, never mind. We will have a night of it, as we used to have in the old time:

Eh gai, gai, gai,
La gaudriole!"

she sang, in an old cracked voice.

William Long could scarcely refrain from a shudder; but he continued diplomatic to the last. "How long shall you be changing your dress?" he asked.

"Half an hour. I must wash this paint on and put some more on. Il faut que je me fasse belle ce soir pour vous, mes beaux seigneurs. Wait until the fire-works are over, and then come for me to this door. Who else will be of the party besides Milor Curzon?"

She rolled his name and title under her tongue as though it were a sweet morsel and had a delicious flavor to her. I dare say it had. She had been brought very low in the world. It was long—a weary, dreary long time—since she had consorted with lords. Now she felt herself again. She would so paint and bedizen herself, she thought, as to make it impossible for them to discover that she was no longer young.

"Tom Tuttleshell will be of us. You know Tom?"

"Do I know my grandmother? Histoire de l'Arche de Noé. Monsieur Tuttleshell and I are friends—business friends—of some standing. C'est un franc niais, mais il m'a été utile. Who else?"

"Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt."

"Connais pas. What a droll of a name!"

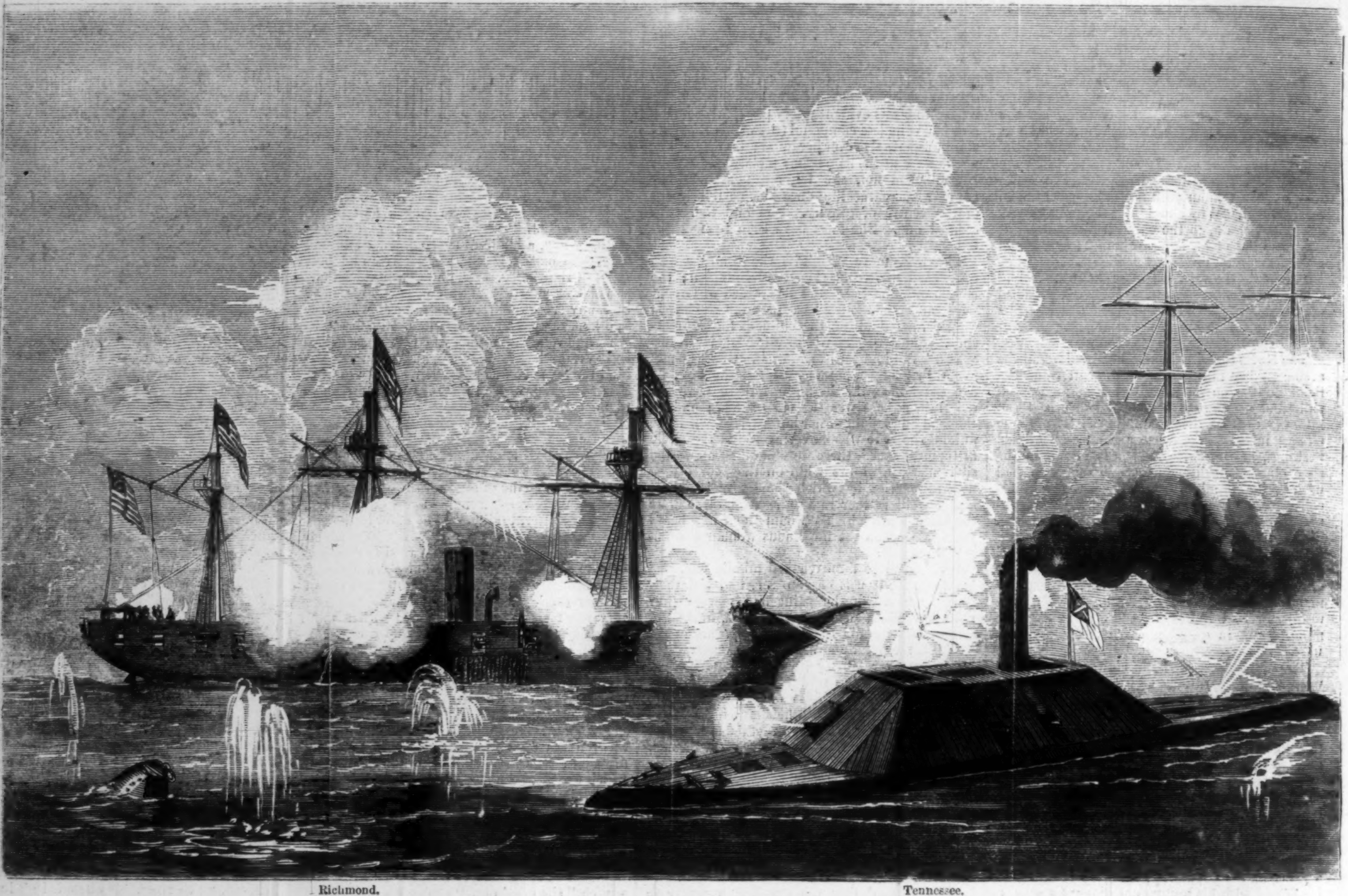
"He is to all intents and purposes an Englishman; but his grand-aunt, a Madame de Kergolay, who brought him up, was a Frenchwoman, and died lately in Paris. Monsieur, or Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, has inherited the whole of her fortune."

"A-a-a-h!" the countess exclaimed, drawing a prolonged breath. "It seems to me that I have heard some stories about this Madame de Kergolay before. An old hypocrite who stole children away from their parents, quoi? I should very much like to see this Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt. Now go away, and I will get ready."

"Is there any one else you would like to bring with you to supper? Comrade, sister, any one?"

"I have no sisters, as you know, or ought to know by this time. Comrades, forsooth? Are you in the habit of associating with stable-boys? What men are here I hate, what women I despise. You have asked my director, I suppose? He is as avaricious as a Jew, and has robbed me shamefully; but otherwise he is bon enfant, and amuses me."

"We will take care to secure Mr. M'Variety. But consider well. Is there no one else? Who



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "RICHMOND" ENGAGING THE REBEL RAM "TENNESSEE," AUGUST 5, 1864.—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

voice was that I heard in your dressing-room? Had you not a child—a daughter—years ago? She must be grown up by this time."

The countess made him an ironical courtesy. "Merci du compliment, monseigneur," she sneered. "Yes, I know well enough that I am growing old. Du reste, let me inform you that I am not in the habit of bringing my fille de chambre"—she laid, perhaps intentionally, a stronger emphasis on the word "fille" than on those which followed—"and that if you will be good enough to take care of your own affairs, I shall have much pleasure in attending to mine. I come alone or not at all. Am I understood?"

"Perfectly. Brava! you are quite the old countess—I beg pardon, the young countess—we used to know and call Semiramis. Come alone, if such is your will. Now, good-by until after the fire-works."

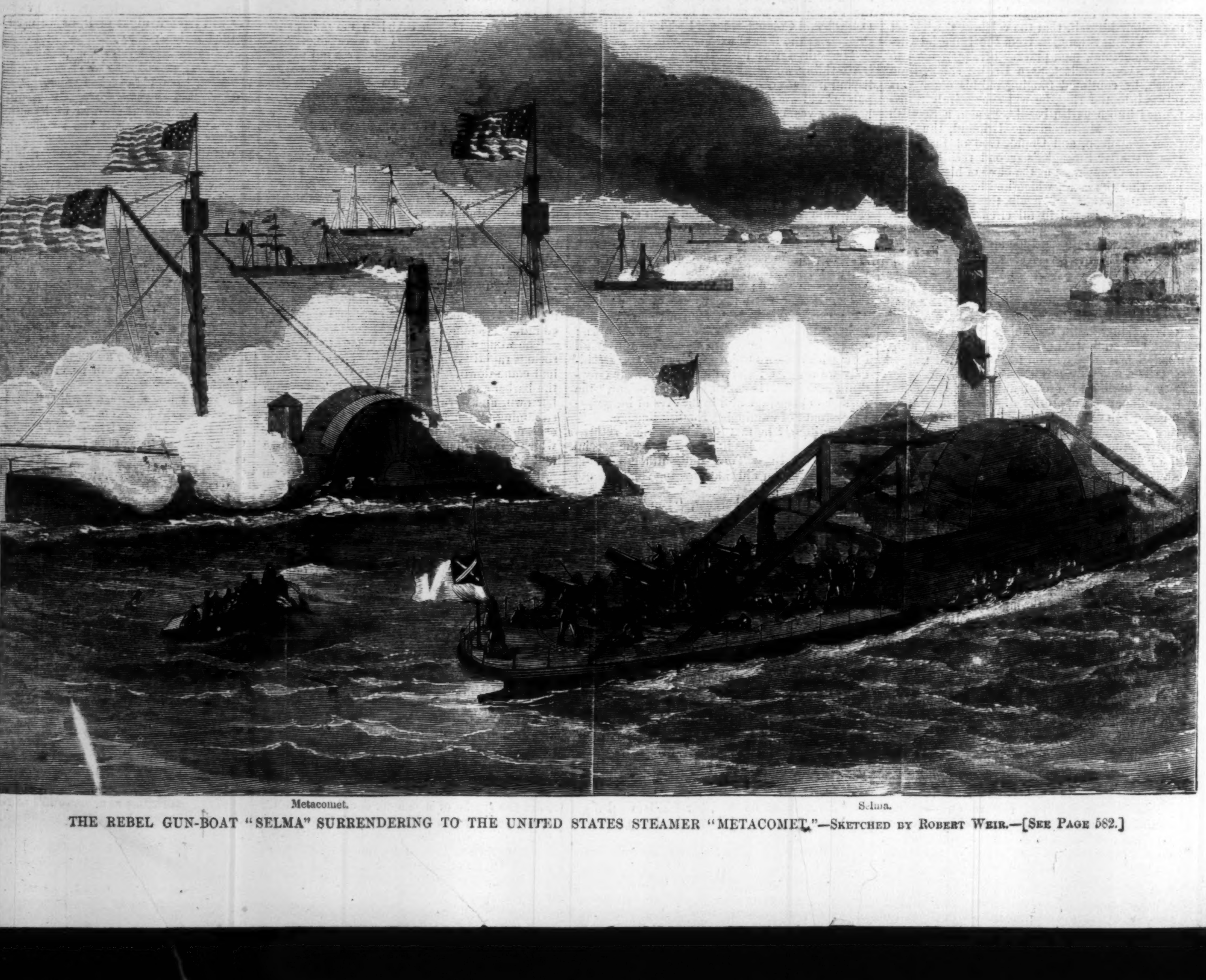
He was retiring, when she recalled him.

"Stop, mauvais sujet," she cried, "have you got a billet de cent francs about you par hasard? I want to buy some gloves.

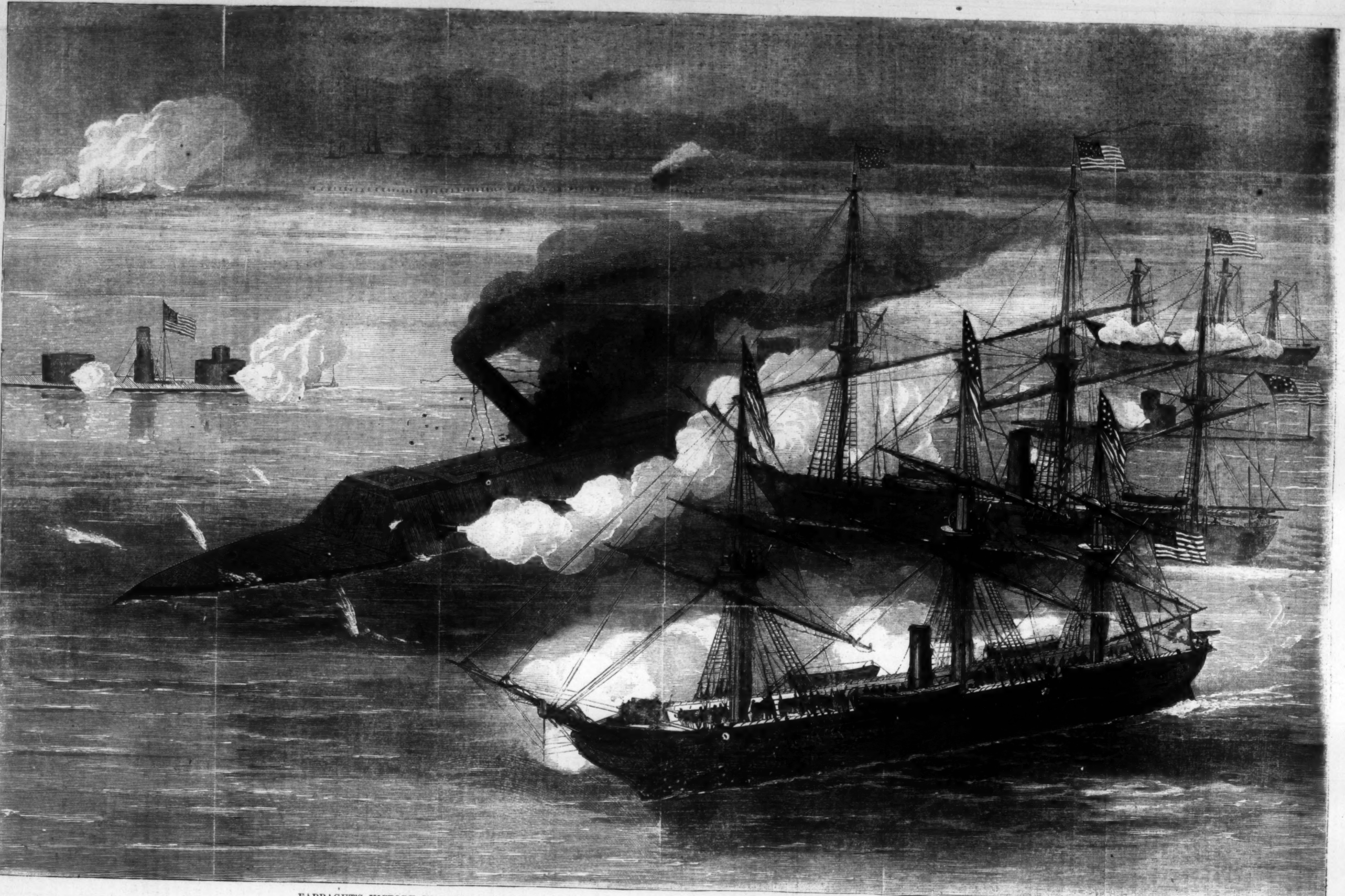
Sir William laughed. "You will scarcely find the Burlington Arcade at South Lambeth," he said, as searching in his waistcoat-pocket he brought out some loose sovereigns and dropped them into the woman's outstretched hand. She just nodded her thanks, and going into her room shut the door. The performances in the circus were over, and the work-people were turning off the gas. The baronet had some difficulty in groping his way to the door.

"She has not changed a bit, save in looks," he soliloquized; "what a devouring harpy it is, to be sure! If ever the horse-leech had a fourth daughter the countess must have been the one. How hungry she used to be in the old days after money!"

Madame Ernestine, on her part, was also soliloquizing. "Ah! I am Semiramis, am I? Ah! I am asked to supper because it is thought I have a daughter. Ah! pieces of gold are flung to me with a taunt, like pennies to a beggar. Little devil"—she said this savagely, and not to herself. "Thou art sticking pins into me on purpose. Quick, my pink dress; quick, or I shall strangle thee!"



THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "SELMA" SURRENDERING TO THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "METACOMET."—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



FARRAGUT'S VICTORY IN MOBILE BAY—THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL RAM "TENNESSEE."—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

FARRAGUT.

His is a heritage of deathless fame
That shall grow brighter with each rolling year;
On History's page shall live no grander name,
None that his countrymen will hold more dear.

Hail to the Viking, he whose praise is heard
Borne from our lips on every wandering breeze!
His name to-day is as a household word;
Hail to the greatest sailor on the seas!

Oh never through all time shall be forgot
His last brave deed, now told by every lip,
When on he sailed, amid a storm of shot,
Lashed in the rigging of his stanch old ship!

Give ear, ye winds, that lift the desert's sands;
Give ear, ye winds, that wander far away;
Bear the great Viking's fame to farthest lands,
Tell how he passed the forts in Mobile Bay.

Oh what to him the battle's roar and crash,
Or what the heated cannon's fiery breath,
Though round him, in his place, at every flash
Shrieked the fierce iron messengers of Death!

His is a heart that knows no thought of fear,
No dread of Death amid the battle's strife;
He holds his country and her cause more dear
Than any ties which wed him unto life.

Such stuff are heroes made of—when they die
The nation mourns, each man as for a friend;
And in the grand cathedrals, lifted high,
Thousands of voices in one anthem blend.

Long may he live to hear us speak his praise!
Our children's children shall be taught his name,
That through the growth of undiscovered days
Shall shine upon the muster-roll of fame!

LOU VENESTRE.

THE softened splendor of an April sunset was streaming across a Southern landscape as Lou Venestre, touching her mettlesome steed sharply, and then holding the rein with a little but firm and assured hand, let him dash on at a pace that left her small negro follower far behind.

Her dark eyes flashing with excitement and eagerness, and her black curls floating back in jolty contrast to the snowy plumes of her riding-hat, the girl was just such a bright and sparkling picture as one liked to look upon in that misty sunset glory.

Scarcely pausing for a little darkey to throw open the avenue gate, she cantered through it and up to the very steps of her father's house, where several gentlemen stood talking earnestly. There reining him in so suddenly that he almost fell upon his haunches, she called out—

"Gentlemen, have you forgotten how to hurrah? Sumter is ours!" And she lifted her plumed hat, waving it.

Before they could respond, her horse—already so restive as to almost defy control—had caught the gleam of the floating feathers, and, mad with fright, wheeled and, in spite of all her efforts to restrain him, shot off at a right angle down the ascent upon whose summit the house stood.

The gentlemen sprung and the negroes ran in all directions. Lou kept her seat bravely, but her strength was failing her, and the reins were slipping through her little fingers, when a strong hand fell upon the bridle, and checked the frightened animal so quickly and so firmly as to leave him trembling in every muscle. In another instant she stood upon the ground, a little white-faced, but in no danger of fainting. Lou Venestre was not one of that sort.

Berrian Knowles, catching the direction she was taking, had darted at a thought across the garden, and intercepted her.

They were at some distance from the house, and the others, taking the rout they did, had not yet come up. While he waited for Miss Venestre to recover her somewhat shaken equanimity, Knowles, letting the horse find his own way back, stood with his arms folded and his gray eyes fixed upon the distance.

He looked young—a sharp, clear-cut face, though—decided as it was handsome, with a nervous tremor just now about the mouth, and a kindling light in the keen eyes that belied the carelessness of his attitude.

Miss Venestre was herself very shortly; enough so, at any rate, to say, with a slight impatience, yet feelingly,

"You have saved my life, Berrian, and you stand there as though it was the commonest of incidents."

"Do I? It wasn't much I did, you know, and I was thinking how much more unmanageable a steed than yours our unhappy South had just mounted. Is this true about Sumter?"

"That Sumter is ours?" said the girl, a sudden, eager glow upon her beautiful face. "Mr. Nugent told me; he was right from town. The news came by telegraph. It is flashing the length of the land by this time. May it strike as much consternation to cowardly Northern hearts as it stirs exultation in ours. Gentlemen"—for the rest had come up by this time, and were listening to the excited girl, forgetting in their eagerness to congratulate her upon her safety—"Gentlemen, shall we have that cheer now?" And again the white plumes waved over her head.

The gentlemen responded in an excited and somewhat clamorous hurrah, in which, however, Berrian Knowles did not join, but stood apart with his brow knit and his lip curling.

Miss Venestre did not hurrah with the rest, which, enthusiastic as she was, one might have expected. Her lips were smiling; but though she was not looking at him, she was conscious of the half contemptuous observation of young Knowles, and was saying to herself,

"He has never been the same since that six months at the North. I dare say now, judging me by his pet Northern standard, he considers my conduct highly unfeminine."

"Knowles don't seem to appreciate the news," said one of the gentlemen, glancing toward Berrian. "Why, man, this blow virtually makes an independent nation of us. It's the inauguration of such days as the South never saw—a glorious victory."

"One hundred men against ten thousand!—*you* may call that a glorious victory, *I don't*," said Berrian Knowles, hotly.

There was some commotion in the ranks of the others as he spoke, and Miss Venestre's face flushed, but as the argument seemed about to leap into stormy words, she lightly led the way to the house, her hand within her father's arm.

Berrian did not follow at once. His blood was hot, and he waited, coming finally to the door, only to say good-night to Lou.

Miss Venestre was not in the room. The gentlemen were talking excitedly, and Knowles was quite sure he caught an echo of his own name as he crossed the hall. Mr. Venestre met him at the door, and with a hand familiarly on his shoulder urged him toward the others, saying,

"I have been defending you, Knowles, but I'm glad you've come now to speak for yourself. These gentlemen have some of them been trying to persuade me you're not sound on Southern rights—eh?"

The young man's eyes glowed wide and bright.

"Who says that?" he asked.

"There, didn't I tell you so?" said Venestre, "sound and stanch. Of course he'll stand by us."

Berrian Knowles colored. He hesitated an instant, simply that he might not speak too excitedly to Lou's father.

"I am a stanch Union man, Mr. Venestre," he said, briefly. "I supposed my sentiments already fully understood."

Mr. Venestre's hand dropped from his shoulder; he receded a step. An awkward silence fell. Knowles said good-evening, and turned again to go; Mr. Venestre followed him.

"My daughter is a Southern woman," he said, in a low voice; "these being your sentiments she desires me to give you this."

He gave him a little note superscribed in Lou's delicate but impatient hand.

With a sinking heart Knowles tore it open, glanced at the only words it contained, "Good-by," and, bowing again to Mr. Venestre, left the house.

"If that don't bring him to listen to reason I am mistaken," said Mr. Venestre to himself as he re-entered the room.

At the avenue gate, just where he could not well pass out until she moved away, Berrian found Lou, very erect, very pale, very heroically-inclined, but very anxious. Perhaps she hoped that Berrian had listened to reason as expounded by her father; but a glance at his face—pained and angry—but decided, convinced her that it was not so.

"Good-by then, Lou," he said, but he did not offer his hand.

"Good-by," she said, feebly; and then still lower and quite huskily, "I haven't thanked you yet for the life you saved this afternoon."

"I am amply guerdoned," he said, bitterly—"good-by;" and as she mechanically moved aside he passed out, and she returned to the house and lay awake all night, heroic still, but with a vague sense of ingratitude and self-reproach.

But of course Berrian wouldn't hold out against such sound reasoning as her father and the rest had at their command. He would come over to the right side in the end, and all would be smooth again.

The following week Miss Venestre was visiting an old school friend some ten miles from her own home. Perhaps the fact that her friend's father lived nearer the Knowles plantation than Mr. Venestre did made the visit particularly agreeable just now. Lou was not very happy; she began to doubt the heroism of renouncing the man she loved because he did not see with her eyes.

"Such a mystery," said little Jennie Mayne, as she met her friend and convoyed her at once to her own sanctum—"such a mystery; and now you've come, you dear creature, we'll— Well, you'll see;" and Jennie's round eyes looked rounder and brighter than ever. Before Miss Venestre was fairly relieved of hat and shawl she had unburdened herself in the very lowest whisper possible to be heard.

It seemed that a few weeks before some one of those secret political organizations, which were so rife at that time, had met at Mr. Mayne's house, and with such adjuncts of mystery as to arouse to feverishness the curiosity of Miss Jennie. To-night they were coming again, and she had succeeded in supplying herself with facilities for penetrating the mystery. In short, to-night she intended to listen in a safe place and know what it all meant. Lou refused to have any thing to do with it, and endeavored to dissuade her friend, but in vain.

For once little Jennie Mayne's insatiable curiosity was to be of some benefit to humanity.

Toward midnight, as Miss Venestre was dreamily folding the dark rings of her hair about her slender fingers, and wishing vaguely that Jennie would come, Jennie Mayne came gliding into the room looking like a little ghost, her face so white, and she trembling all over.

"Oh, Lou," she cried, clinging to her, "it's a Vigilance Committee or something of that sort, and they're going to arrest Berrian Knowles and try him to-night!"

"What!" said Miss Venestre, rising, and reaching for her shawl.

"Lou, you can't do any thing. It's too late. I tell you, Lou Venestre, they were getting ready to go to his house when I left them."

Miss Venestre's face looked ghastly white, but she did not tremble. Removing Jennie's clinging hand from her forcibly, she begged her in low, brief tones to say nothing to any one that she had gone out. And while she spoke she was putting on her habit and her hat, and all with such a white-faced resolution that her scared friend ceased expostulation or inquiry, awed into silence.

Gliding noiselessly down the stairs, and out at a back way, Lou Venestre stole like a shadow toward the stables. As she did so she glanced toward where she had observed some time in the evening that the horses of the party within were tied among the trees. They were there still—most of them certainly. Some impulse, fortunate as vague, moved her to turn her steps toward them, and with swift, deft fingers loose every one before she sought her own.

She had, as it happened, no difficulty in finding him, but more in getting him ready to ride. She succeeded, however, in all, and was leading him out just as the party at the house came forth prepared to mount. As she rode away into the darkness she could hear the exclamations of dismay and perplexity—oaths and imprecations, and with hope stirring in her scared heart she urged her horse over the road toward the Knowles plantation.

All seemed quiet as she approached, and leaving her horse concealed somewhat among the shrubbery, she passed to a side-entrance with which she was perfectly acquainted; for the house in which she had once expected to live—*his* wife—was familiar to her as her own. Two large watch-dogs met her, but knew her too well to growl, and finding the door, as she had hoped, unfastened, she entered.

As she approached she had caught the faint gleam of a light from a room in which she knew Berrian was very fond of sitting, and toward this room, through several others, she now made her dauntless way. She had not come through so much to hesitate now from any maidenly scruples, and she knew well enough the importance of utter secrecy—even from the servants. So, with a care to wake no one, if, as seemed, all slept save him, she at last came to the door of the room in which she hoped to find him, and knocked softly.

He opened the door himself, and started to see her as though she had been a spirit.

She told her errand briefly; her eager, scared eyes fixed upon his face, as she begged him to flee while there was time. He showed a strange obliviousness to the danger that menaced him. Standing with a careless elbow upon the mantle-piece he looked down upon the trembling white-faced girl, wondering if she had indeed cared enough for him to come so far to warn him.

In reply to all her entreaties that he would hasten away he only smiled sadly, till she laid her little hands upon his neck, pleading, "Dear Berrian, for my sake," and dropped her face upon his shoulder in a passion of tears.

"*Is* it for your sake?" he questioned. "If I flee from these scoundrels it will be to join the Union army, if there is one. What then, Lou?"

"Any thing! oh, any thing! so you go now."

"Shall that 'good-by' be as though it had never been said?" and his arms clasped her.

"Yes, oh yes, yes! dear, dear Berrian, go while there is time."

"My darling, there is plenty of time, if, as you say, you turned their horses loose."

"Every moment is precious to put distance between them and you."

"Every moment with *you* is more precious still. I may never see you again. This is an awful struggle that we are entering upon; and death may find me far from you. Lou, your father has other children to console him—I have only you. Go with me, and—would you be afraid? Am I selfish to ask it?"

It was no time to hesitate. Frantic almost with fear, as she recalled the vague and terrible stories she had heard of the proceedings of these Vigilance Committees, sick with the dread of never seeing him again, she decided almost instantly that she would go with him. Before morning they were miles away, in complete safety in time; and when, after some trying vicissitudes, Lou stood with her husband beneath the starry folds of the banner that shelters no Vigilance Committees, she looked reverently up to it, her hand in his, saying,

"Thank God it protects us once more."

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

"TOBACCO is an Indian weed," and *succotash* is an Indian dish; and a right succulent dish it is. Some cooks make it plain; other some add "*ingrediencies*," which perhaps heighten the flavor and add to its deliciousness.

With the readers' permission, I propose to serve them up an occasional dish of literary *Succotash*. I hope to make it various and entertaining. I want to present something which shall cheer the soldier in the camp and upon a bed of pain and languishing; something intermixed, moreover, which may awaken more serious and pathetic thought; something, in short, which shall, in some one of its brief passages, have at least a transient interest for all classes of casual readers.

So we plunge *in medias res* into our initial paper.

As the cars of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey were stopping to-day at a wooding-station, where the tender was taking in provant for the "iron horse," a dispute arose between two young New York boarders at Englewood as to what constituted a cord of wood. Neither of them had ever "cut cord-wood," or "piled" it, and both were wide of the mark. With a too common lack of delicacy, not to say propriety, an appeal was made to a gentleman engaged in reading a newspaper. The reply was curt, if not courteous:

"I don't know a cord of wood from four dollars and a half, and always didn't."

There was a "burst of silence," and no more questions were asked of *that* witness.

In thinking over the indefiniteness of this reply I was "reminded," as our good President says, of a similar response which a black boy once made to me, by whom I was about to send a note to a friend, whose lodgings were at a boarding-house near Trinity Church.

"Sam, I want you to take this note to Mr. Blank, at No. — Broadway, near Trinity Church." And as I placed a "quarter" in his hand I added, "But do you know where Trinity Church is?"

"I wish," said he, with a grin which showed all his glittering white teeth at once—"I wish I had as many dollars as I know where Trinity Church is!"

This financial idea puzzled me "muchly." I doubt whether even Mr. Fessenden could solve it. There is no "base-line"—no premises: a mere speculation, seen through *colored* glasses.

"DID you ever remark," said a friend to me the other day, "the unusual size of the hand of our friend Blank? Talk about a small hand being the outward sign of a gentleman! or of a foot and hand together of diminutive proportions being conclusive as to the correctness of the assumption. Not a bit of it." Now our friend Blank, not to speak it profanely, has a hand as large as the hand of Providence, and a foot in proportion. But by *nature*, by education, by finest culture, he is in every respect a GENTLEMAN: a man who, in respect to *every* man with whom he comes in contact, high or low, rich or poor, is always a Gentleman.

And his character "as such" is universally acknowledged. Small feet and small hands are *no* criteria even of the *externals* of a gentleman. The smallest foot and the smallest hand, the best shod and the most tastefully gloved I ever saw in my life, belonged to a professional gambler.

(Don't mistake me: I was never in a gaming-house in my life: I can not even play a game of whist, that most innocent of pastimes: nor do I really know one card from another.)

BUT speaking of feet: old Grant Thorburn had an "almighty" big foot for so small, short, toddling, and twaddling a biped as he was.

The last time I saw him was at Harper & Brothers, the great American publishers in Franklin Square, soon after he was wedded to his last wife. She was much taller than he was, and "fetched him in."

Immediately the old Mayor began "chaffing" him. In reply to an inquiry after his health Grant said:

"I've been ill, mon, and I fear I am getting too auld to stay lang amongst ye. I'm na' lang for this world, I'm thinkin'. (Grant never lost his Scottish brogue to the day of his death.)

"Nonsense, Grant!" said "the Colonel," looking down at his splay feet; "*you're* not going to die in a hurry; you've *got too good a hold on the ground!*"

And this was prophetic: old Grant *didn't* depart till ten years after.

APROPOS of large feet: there was once a man in Pennsylvania, well known throughout the country, who had a far better "hold upon the ground" than even old Grant Thorburn, and that was Reeside, a man known throughout the United States as "the great Mail Contractor." Who does not remember his lines of post-coaches, with "J. Reeside & Co." upon the panels, before they were displaced by the rushing railway cars? I never saw him but once, and that was at a hotel in Philadelphia, more years ago than I care now to remember; although, as the Connecticut old maid said (when reminded by an indelicate "gossip" that she "must be gettin' pretty well into years now"), "I've *seen* the time when I was as good as ever I was!"

Well, my first attention was called to Mr. Reeside's foot. *Foot!* It was not far from *two* feet in length, and broad in proportion. The servants at the hotels where he arrived used to ask him, pointing to his boots, "where he would have *those trunks* taken!"

A GOOD story is told of a shoemaker at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, of whom Reeside was ordering a new pair of boots.

"Mr. ——, how soon can you make me a pair of thick boots?"

Glancing down at his pedal "understandings," and then at a side of cowhide suspended by a hole in the corner on a nail on one side of his shop, he replied,

"By the middle of next week, *if it don't rain!*"

"Don't *rain!*" exclaimed Reeside; "what has *rain* to do with it?"

"A good deal," said Crispin; "boots for them feet has got to be built out o' doors; there ain't room in my shop to 'set 'em up,' and I can't work at 'em in wet weather!"*

The boots were ordered, upon condition that the joke should be suppressed.

I DID "agnize a natural and prompt alacrity" to respond at once to a letter which I have just received from a legal friend in far-off Maine; but, on the whole, I think I will let the types tell him that I have received his pleasant missive:

"The Kennebec is flowing right under my window, at spring-freshet height, and the way the logs are floating down is a 'visible joy' to the lumberman. Those great, noble pine logs are our wealth; they clothe and feed and render happy generally 'your undersigned.'.... I saw some handsome pickerel to-day, taken in a pond about eight miles from here. One weighed, as I am a true man, *nine pounds!* They are not, you are to understand, the heavy, stupid, soft-fleshed, *lake* pickerel. One of 'em on your line feels as if you had the devil in bit and snaffles, and your feet were braced agin the fender..... We have been favored with a great 'revival' here. I received from some one of the converts recently a long, pathetic letter, painting in the bluest kind of blue colors my condition, and urging me to abandon the wicked and quarrelous profession of the law, and betake myself to the office of gospel-preacher! Verily my knees knocked together, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, as I fancied myself 'wagging my pow i' the pu'pit,' as Burns says. Besides, the *pecunia* is on my side now, for litigation is flourishing here..... The following superscription to a letter tickled amazingly the clerks of our post-office the other day:

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* In olden time, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the fourteenth century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; and those of a knight eighteen inches long. You will see pictures of some remarkable specimens in this kind in one or two illustrations of "Quentin Durward," in Cadell's superb Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels.

"'Swift as the dove your course pursue,
Let naught your speed restrain,
Until you reach Miss Lucy Drew,
In Newfield, State of Maine.'"

I never think of poor Fitz-James O'Brien without recalling the touching letter which he wrote the morning before he submitted to the amputation of his right arm, which resulted in his death. He had been a brave officer, and he met his death as bravely as calmly. Here is one of his little poems, which he gave me many months before he joined the army, but which was mislaid among some other manuscripts until a little while ago. It is now for the first time published, from his neat and legible manuscript. To my conception the lines are exceedingly graceful and spirited:

TO A CAPTIVE SEA-GULL.

Bird of the wild far-sweeping wing
Why art thou here?
Who chained thee thus, thou Ocean-King,
To earth so dark and drear?
Thy home is where the free winds sing,
And the thunder-tones of billows ring
Through caverns rocked with fear!

Did not thy proud heart burst—
Thou reckless rider of the stormy main—
When o'er thy unsullied plumage first
Was flung Man's chain?
Oh! thou whose infancy was nursed
Mid all the freedom of the skies,
How could thy spirit prize
Life e'er again?

Tempests were at thy birth, and the white waves
Sprang up rejoicing round thy rugged home
And as a lullaby, from deep-mouthed caves
Wild ocean-songs would come,
Bathed in the breakers' foam,
Rocked into slumber on the swelling sea,
Never was wild bird's infancy
More bright or free!

No more—sad prophecy—ah! never more
Will joys like these unbind thy frozen heart.
The unreposing ocean and dark shore,
The giant cliffs—the cavern's hollow roar,
Now of thy narrow life can form no part,
All prisoned, pining, wretched as thou art!
Existence is a waste. Thy soul lies dead.
The snows upon thy wing have melted there.
Drooped is that glorious head,
Stained is that bosom once so pure and fair—
Dimmed is the broad bright eye
That looked but from the billow to the sky!

Better, far better had thy life-blood dyed
The heaving sea;
Better thy last breath had been sighed
Where all was free.
Better that heedless waves triumphantly
Swept o'er thy pride,
Than to a lone existence thus to cling,
And hear the wild winds mock at thy unlifted wing!

Can any reader tell me who is the author of the subjoined pregnant sentences? In condensation of thought and felicity of expression I have seldom seen their equal:

"Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better; and the longest life is too short if it do not."

There is something exceedingly *mal apropos*, not to say positively ludicrous, in the illustrations which are sometimes made use of by good and faithful ministers in their public ministrations. The reason of this I take to be the enthusiasm of the moment—a sort of bewildering conflict of the mind for the immediate and forcible pointing of a moral.

The following instance in this kind, although not clerical, was related to me by a friend, who was both an eye and ear witness of the same.

The subject of the "utterance" was a delinquent who had "backslided" three times within a twelvemonth. But he had a friend of humane and forgiving temper in the congregation, who was anxious that he should be reinstated in the church with which he was connected.

In the course of his remarks he made these observations:

"Brethren, you remember the parable of the barren fig-tree, which our blessed Saviour spared from the axe which was about to be 'laid to the roots of the tree?' Our erring brother here is an epitome, as it were, of the barren fig-tree. He has backslided several times. He has followed, for a space, the world and the things thereof; but he is now penitent, and means to be, and I have no doubt *will* be, hereafter, a good man. I hope he will be received again on probation. Suppose he *has* been heretofore a barren fig-tree? Let us try him one year more. Let us dig about him, and dung him, and so bring him up to the full stature of a perfect man."

This eloquent advocacy restored the backslider, nor has he since, in a single instance, said my informant, "gone out of the way."

Once upon a time "John Phœnix" (the late lamented Captain Derby) was going up to Sacramento from San Francisco, and it so chanced that two steamers, running side by side, were engaged in racing. When these boats had been running for about sixty miles, "tight and tight, and nip and tuck," passengers gathered in knots about the deck, discussing the comparative speed of the two steamers.

"Do you think the other boat has gained upon us within the last fifty miles?"

"I think she has, somewhat, although I can hardly tell how much. But, as I said before, I think she *has* gained."

"Well, how *much* do you *think* she has gained?"

"I may be wrong, as I have not lately accustomed myself to 'average' distances; but I *think* that within the last fifty miles she has gained about *an inch!*"

The several knots of passengers speedily dispersed upon hearing this oracular Bunsbyism, while John laughed in his sleeve at the sudden manner in which he had discomfited the persistent inquisitors.

A little characteristic specimen of Phœnix's love of fun occurred at West Point, on the occasion of a lecture upon Astronomy. The lecturer was in the habit of assuming that all his students were totally ignorant of the very first principles of any particular branch of science which he might be discussing. It happened, on a certain evening, that he was lecturing upon the *Moon*, and Phœnix, who was at the head of his class, with two or three others, were determined to balk the Professor in his style of teaching. So he began:

"Gentlemen, our lecture this evening is upon the *Moon*, one of the most interesting subjects," etc., etc. "You have all seen the moon?"

"No," said Phœnix, "I have never seen it."

"What!" said the Professor; "never have seen the moon!"

"No," the first members of the class declared they had never seen that planet, and persisted in the expression of their perfect ignorance of its character.

The "premises" of the Professor were removed, his "base-line" was gone, and he collapsed into utter confusion.

WHALING AT THE CAPE DE VERDES.

I live in a group of islands on the coast of Africa, between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. The monotony of our everyday life is sometimes broken by incidents that cause more or less excitement and interest among our not very extensive community of Europeans—such as the arrival of the mail steamers and the receipt of news from home, which is no slight pleasure to Englishmen living abroad. Sometimes we are visited by Uncle Sam's vessels of war, with inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Confederate cruisers. Once we were favored by a flying visit from a Confederate cruiser, who made an appearance one fine morning in our offing, but as we had a Northerner at anchor in our harbor at the time the would-be visitor merely peeped at us from the offing, and then showed us her stern as she stood away again to sea. We are not so far off the coast but that at times we hear some news of our ebony-colored brethren, of battles round and about the European settlements between them and the Europeans; and we occasionally see curious things, the handiwork of our black brethren. Now and then we are visited by travelers who have lived much among the negroes, and have gone out in quest of the gorilla; we have even seen a skull said to have once been the property of a real living specimen of that tribe. We have heard curious stories about extraordinary slaving expeditions, the capture of slaving vessels with their human freights through the vigilance of her Majesty's ships. But as my notes relate principally to a certain whaling expedition in which I once took a part I will proceed to give some account of it.

It was a fine summer's day; the thermometer stood at about 80° in the shade, a moderate breeze blew over the red-colored land and blue-colored waters of our fine bay. I had finished my breakfast, and was looking out from our veranda on the bay, with its dazzling sandy beach which extends round its border, when I noticed much bustle and confusion upon the landing-places. Directly afterward several boats laden with natives put off into the bay, rowing with more energy than is customary among them, for at the best they are on most occasions the reverse of energetic. Away they pulled, and in a direct course for the leeward side of our bay, instead of following the usual track pursued by boats going off to ships moored in the harbor. My curiosity was raised to a high pitch to know the cause of so much confusion; but the mystery was explained when away to the leeward I perceived, floating very placidly on the surface of the water, an immense long black-colored object, which I at once knew to be a whale, from having seen them playing with their young, or "calves," as they are called, during the visits which they make to our waters during the breeding season between January and July. Presently I saw the foremost boat had reached the whale, which we conjectured was either dead or disabled from allowing a boat to approach so near without appearing to move. On looking again through my glass I noticed that the boat was actually made fast to the monster, and that several other boats which had reached the scene of action had fastened on to the first boat, and that the whole *cortége* was now proceeding at a very slow, funeral-like pace through the water with the poor whale in tow.

I proceeded to the landing-place, and not being able to resist the temptation of joining in what offered to be an exciting excursion, I jumped into a boat that then happened to be leaving for the general rendezvous. On reaching the scene of action I found that the whale was wounded badly in two or three places, and that in its side was sticking a harpoon. The boats were now being towed along after the whale, being made fast to it by the piece of line joined to the harpoon in its side. The whale was about sixty feet long, and was much exhausted, and its tail quite *hors de combat*. The boats continued to arrive from the shore and from the ships in the harbor until about fifteen to eighteen were assembled round the whale, who continued to behave most unoffendingly. We formed a motley throng, and as I looked over the assemblage I noticed that we were composed of Englishmen, Americans, Portuguese, Germans, and our natives, making up together quite a Babel of languages. Soon a grand attack was commenced; the whale began to move along slowly as the boats closed around on all sides. Crow-bars, boat-hooks, long knives, and a hatchet formed our arms, and away we hacked and slashed, cutting holes in the body, and then inserting the crow-bars and working them to open and deepen the holes thus formed. The whale appeared to take but little notice of our doings, and after taking two or three turns in the shallow water of the anchorage-ground of the bay, made off fairly to sea, moving along rather faster, at about three or four miles an hour. Most of the boats now fastened on, one after the other, in order not to have so much rowing to do, while two of the natives mounted on the whale's back to work away with the knives. But they were doomed not to ride far, for the whale now gave a plunge and dived down; the natives' hats were first seen floating, and then as soon as the owners rose to the surface they were rescued by the boats around. Soon afterward up came the whale itself, and spouted out a column of water that rose to about the height of ten or twelve feet, and happened to be blown over a boat containing two German captains, who were much disgusted with the unpleasant odor of the water.

We were now fast approaching the mouth of the bay; the sea began to roughen, and we began to think of our return. However, on we went, the natives crying out now and again that the whale would soon give in. Once or twice it dived down, and as whales are known to go down and remain swimming under water, when well, for as long a time as a quarter of an hour, frequently when harpooned by the whalers, considerable apprehension was manifested, and knives were ready to cut the short rope attached to the first boat in case our whale should have an idea of making a prolonged stay below; but it appeared unable to stay a long time, probably from exhaustion; its stay did not exceed half a minute, the longest time that it was under water. An Englishman in one of the boats inserted an oar down its mouth as it swam along, in a vain attempt to reach its throat, and so to dispatch it; but the whale proceeded ahead, not appearing to notice this movement. On we advanced, the whale appearing not to be any nearer its dissolution in consequence of our grand combined attack on it. We were now about three miles from the landing-place. Several boats now returned to shore, others remained and continued the chase. The sea being now much higher caused some of us to become better acquainted with it by occasionally sending the crest of a wave into our boat.

Our attempts at cutting and hacking the whale were now principally given up, through the sea running so high as not to allow of much execution being done, the people still insisting that the whale would not live much longer. We, the lookers on, were now anxiously hoping that it might soon die, as we had no desire of proceeding for an indefinite period to sea. Just at this moment a whaling boat hove in sight, which was a source of satisfaction to us. After a quarter of an hour or so the whale-boat had reached us, and now commenced a parley between the whalers (who were Americans) and the natives. The whalers offering to kill the whale, and after having boiled up the blubber to give five barrels of oil to the natives; the natives held out for more, and the whalers refused to give more, until the whalers, seeing that the whale would not be killed by the natives according to the plan pursued by them, under another twenty-four hours, when it would probably be some eighty miles away, and also there being only two natives' boats left in charge of it, they decided to kill it, which they did most summarily. In went the long lances wielded by powerful men; then the whale spouted a high stream of blood once or twice, and the whalers soon became the victors. The natives returned to shore, and the whale-boat towed away their prize to their vessel, which awaited them off the coast of our island in a small bay. Now commenced our return to shore, which was to windward of us; we had all to take a turn at the oars, for our men were fagged. Those of us not accustomed to rowing fared badly, and were able to show on arrival evident proofs, in the shape of blisters on the hands and drenched garments, that we had formed part of the expedition: we arrived ashore safely without any mishap.

We afterward heard from the master of the whaling vessel that the harpoon that was found sticking in the whale bore on it the inscription of a whaling vessel that was engaged in fishing for whales at an island some sixty miles off, consequently our whale must have traversed that distance (and more, for probably it did not come direct) before its arrival in our bay. We also heard that it yielded only 22 barrels, or 1100 gallons, instead of about 50 barrels, which it would probably have yielded, had it been freshly captured and in good health, instead of being badly wounded and sick.

The whale was one of a species called by the whalers Humpbacks, and sometimes Blackfish, and yield, on the average, about 40 or 50 barrels, or 2000 to 2500 gallons per every full-grown fish. More cows (or female whales) are caught than bulls (or male whales), from the fact that the cows are more frequently met with near land than the bulls, as they frequent bays and inlets, and the coast generally, to play with their calves (or young); and the whalers, making an island or other similar place a rendezvous, find it easier to harpoon them in smooth water than in rough water, or where there is a heavy sea running.

The plan generally adopted by the whalers in harpooning the whales in our waters, which is during the breeding season, is thus: When the whales, which principally come in "schools" of from two to six, are playing with their young in the smooth waters of some bay or inlet, to approach them from the leeward side so that they may not so readily notice them approaching, and upon getting near enough, to harpoon the calf, as the mother will never desert it while she is alive; then, when fast unto it, and following, on the first opportunity that the cow or mother shows itself in a favorable position, with the highest part of its back called the hump visible above water, to "let drive" the harpoon, and then, after harpooning her, to let go the calf, in order not to kill it, as, while it lives, the cow is less troublesome to catch. On the other hand, supposing the calf has been struck and the harpoon enters some vital part and it dies, the cow becomes very furious, and gives a great deal of trouble to capture, diving deep and rushing in different directions, and frequently even making attempts to destroy the boats, and often parting the harpoon line by her struggles and getting clear off; but while her young is alive her whole care is for it, consequently rendering her capture much easier to effect. The whalers even say that the mother frequently carries its young on its back, when the latter are harpooned and being chased by the whale-boat, though how they contrive to accomplish this I can not imagine, considering that their sides are very slimy and slippery, as I know by experience.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Musical.—Living for some time upon a "fiver" may be the definition of "Dwelling on a note."

Eyes.—An eye fancier writes thus learnedly of the mysteries: "It has often been said that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable, and lovely companion. 'We never knew,' says a quill-driver, 'but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point.' The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be seen at the police-courts, generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can not see your ears."

"Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?" said a schoolmaster to a pupil. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "the duty upon spirits."

"Jeems, my lad," said a hopeful father to his son, "keep away from the gals. Ven you see one comin' dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door-step on t'other side of the street fooled your poor old dad, Jimmy. Don't cast yer eyes that way and wink. If it hadn't been for her you and yer dad might a been in Brazil huntin' dimuns, my son."

A young sculptor, arrested for debt, wrote to a friend to visit him in *quod*. His first greeting was, "Well, my dear fellow, I suppose you are here for chiseling one of your creditors."

Picturesque Costume.—A contemporary mentions the arrest of a woman in the streets, and states further that nothing was found on her person but a love-letter and a daguerreotype. Rather a "poetic" and "picturesque" costume for the metropolis!

New Publication.—Unpoetical "Lines on a Lady's face"—Crows'-feet.

"Excuse me, Madam, but I would like to know why you look at me so savagely?" said a gentleman to a lady stranger. "Oh! beg pardon, Sir. I took you for my husband," was the reply.

Moral Instrument.—An upright piano.

Why does a cat run after a mouse?—Because the mouse runs away from it.

That was an excellent reply of Tonsor's when he had cut a customer on the chin. Tonsor's breath was redolent of "Jamaikey," and the customer indignantly said, "That horrid drink!" "Yes, Sir," said Tonsor, "it does make some faces dreadful tender."

When a ship was about to perish in a storm, the sailors all confessed to a priest. "But our sins are yet on board," said one, "for the priest has them all." So they threw him overboard.

With many persons eating is all *stuff*.

Pretty Excuse for a Wife-Beater.—The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

A Reason for Polygamy.—An Irishman was recently brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? "Please your worship," says Paddy, "I was just trying to *get a good one*."

Those persons who do most good are least conscious of it. The man who has but a single virtue of charity is very much like the hen that has but one chicken. That solitary chicken calls forth an amount of clucking and scratching that a whole brood seldom causes.

"Sonny, can you cipher in two syllables?"
"Yeth thir—and spell in the rule of three all day long."
"Smart boy. Now see if you can tell what a pint of cold slaw will come to at a cent a yard."

A husband advertises thus: "My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

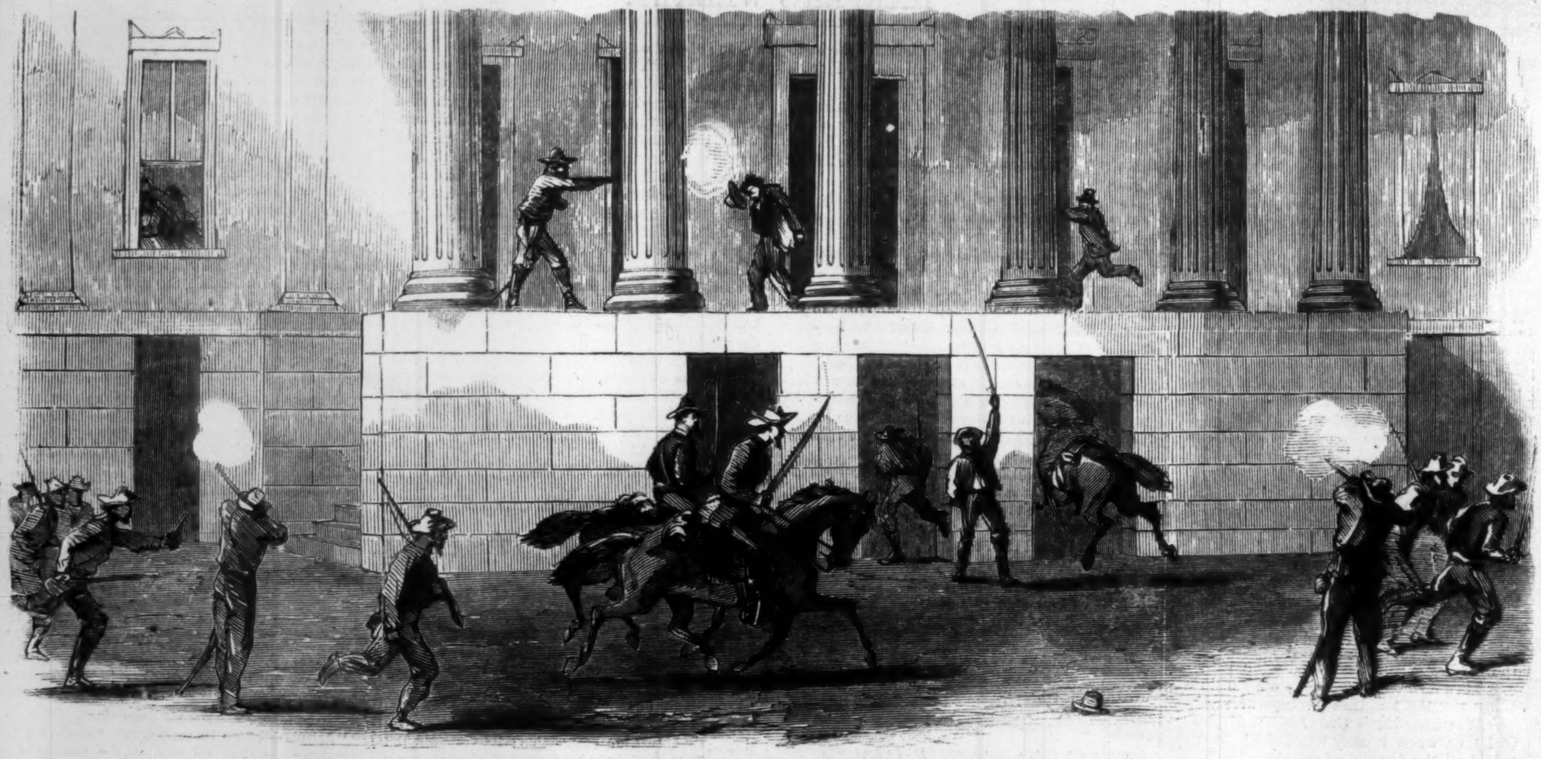
While inspecting a farm in a pauperized district an enterprising agriculturist could not help noticing the slow, drawling motions of one of the laborers there, and said, "My man, you do not sweat at that work." "Why, no, master," was the reply, "seven shillings a week isn't sweating wages."

A school-boy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, Sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light!"

A Scotch country minister had been invited, with his wife, to dine and spend the night at the house of one of his lairds. Their host was very proud of one of the very large beds which had just come into fashion, and in the morning asked the lady how she had slept in it. "Oh, vary well, Sir; but indeed I thought *I'd lost* the minister a' thegither."

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady, disputing with one of her boarders. "That may be true, ma'am," says he, "but you put very little *upon it*."

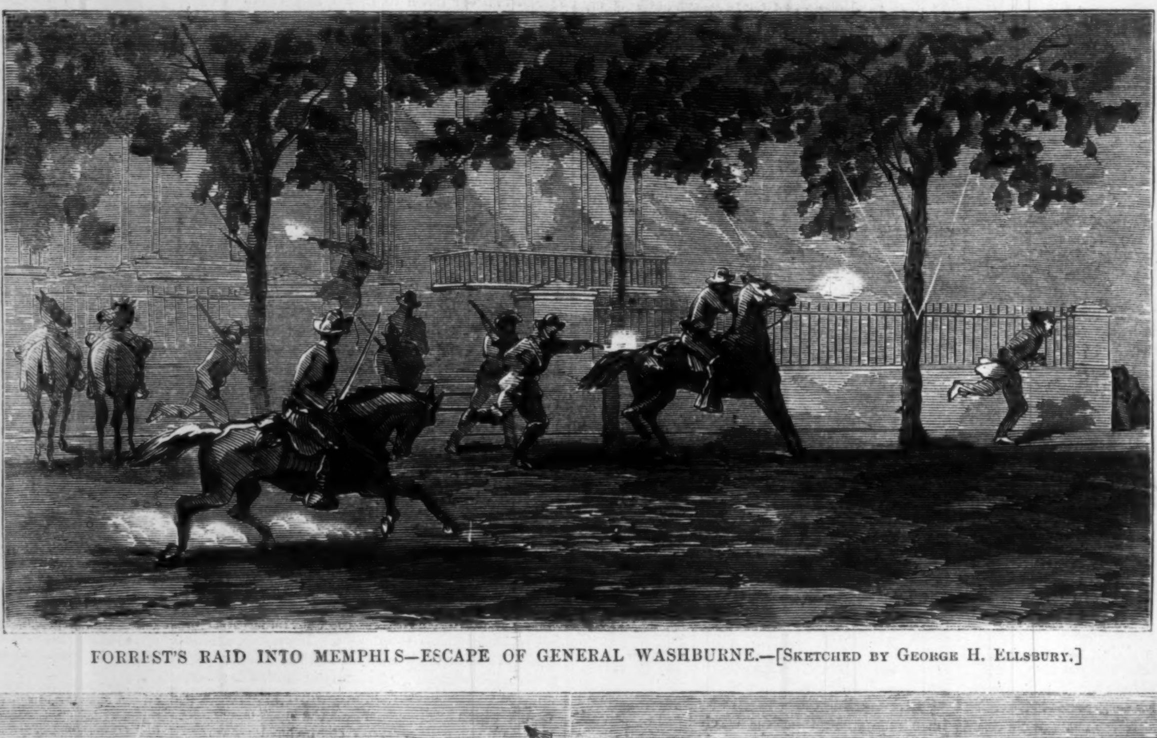
Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man;" said the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you *had been at dinner ever since*."



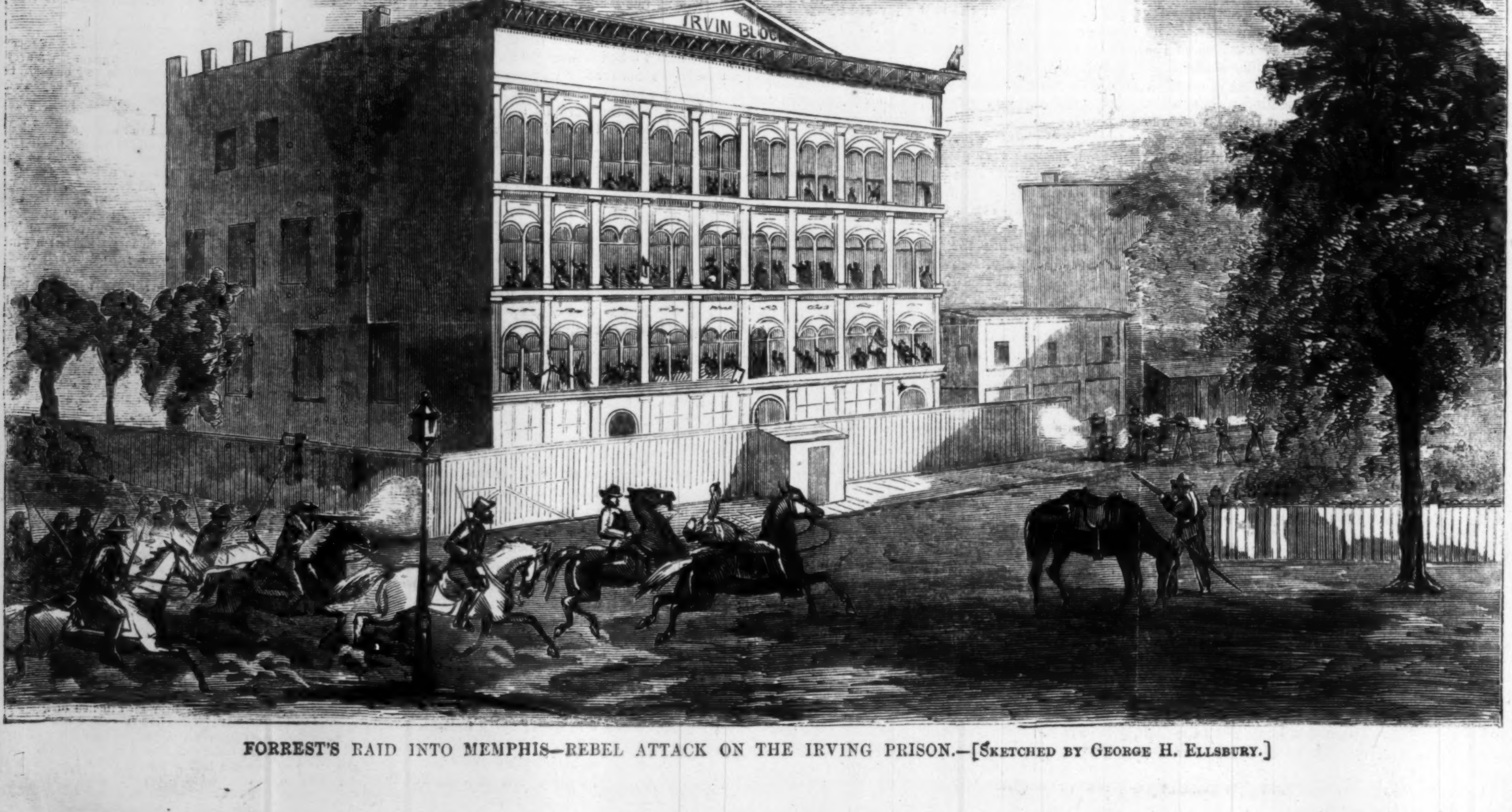
FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—THE REBELS AT THE GAYOSO HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]

FORREST'S RAID.

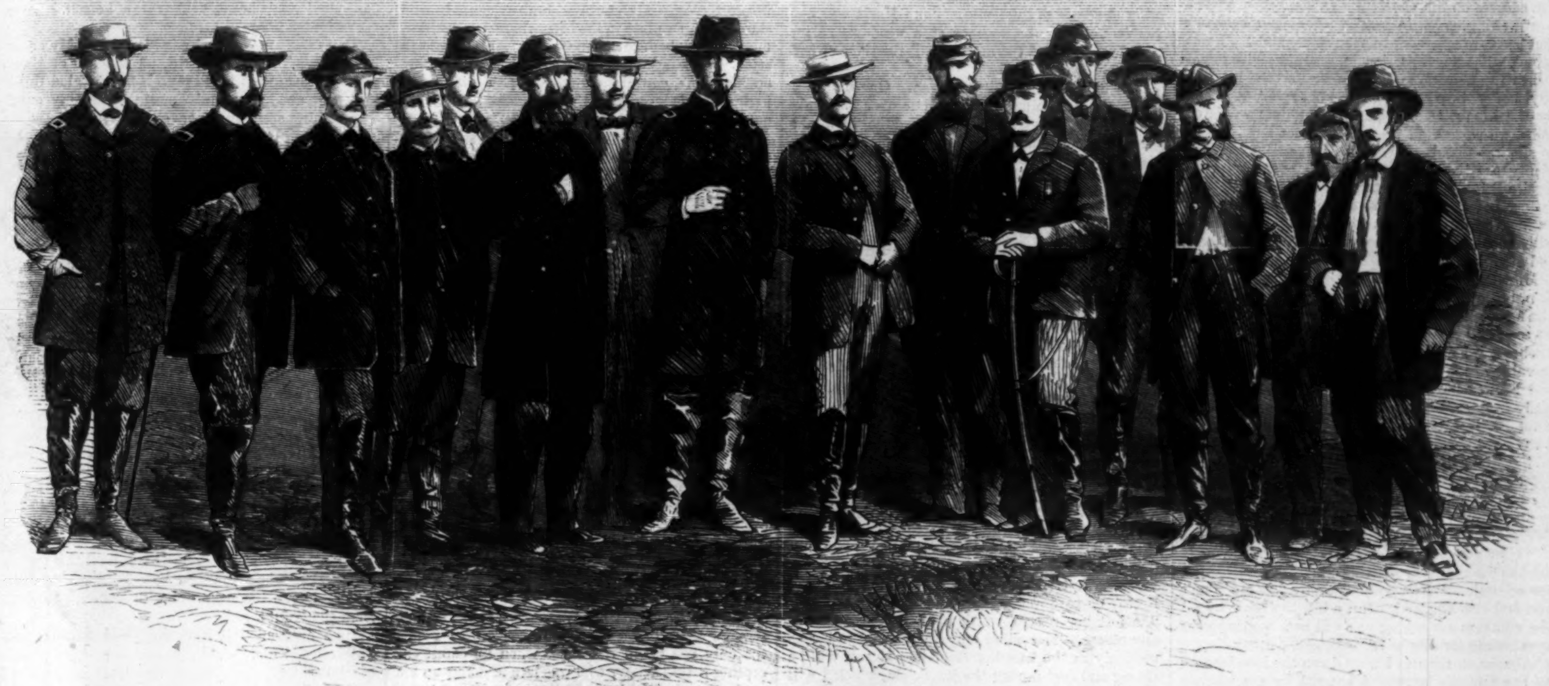
ON Monday, August 22, the rebel General FORREST made a daring raid into Memphis, Tennessee, which is illustrated in the accompanying sketches. The expedition was commanded by FORREST in person, and consisted of portions of eight or nine cavalry regiments, mostly from Tennessee, and numbering from 1500 to 2000 strong. Arriving at Beal Street, the rebels divided off in several squads and struck for the Gayoso House, Hospitals, Irving Block, and General WASHBURNE's head-quarters on Union Street. The latter was first visited by a force of about two hundred, under Lieutenant-Colonel JESSE FORREST, who entered and found it deserted, the General and his staff having but a moment before escaped. JESSE captured the General's over-coat, and started for the Gayoso House with his valiant horsemen, who rode right into the office of the hotel in search of General HURLBURT, who had also escaped. A portion of the rebel force then proceeded to break open Irving Prison, in order to release the prisoners there confined.—But the guard resisted them, and was assisted by the fortunate arrival at the right moment of the Eighth Iowa regiment. About 6 A.M. the rebels left the town, finding it growing too hot for them, having accomplished the capture of 200 citizens and about 100 horses, and having butchered all the negroes they could find in in the streets. There was little plundering; indeed the rebels had orders not to dismount under penalty of being shot. The rebels suffered heavily. Their object appears to have been the capture of Generals WASHBURNE and HURLBURT.



FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—ESCAPE OF GENERAL WASHBURNE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]



FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—REBEL ATTACK ON THE IRVING PRISON.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]



MAJOR-GENERAL WRIGHT AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

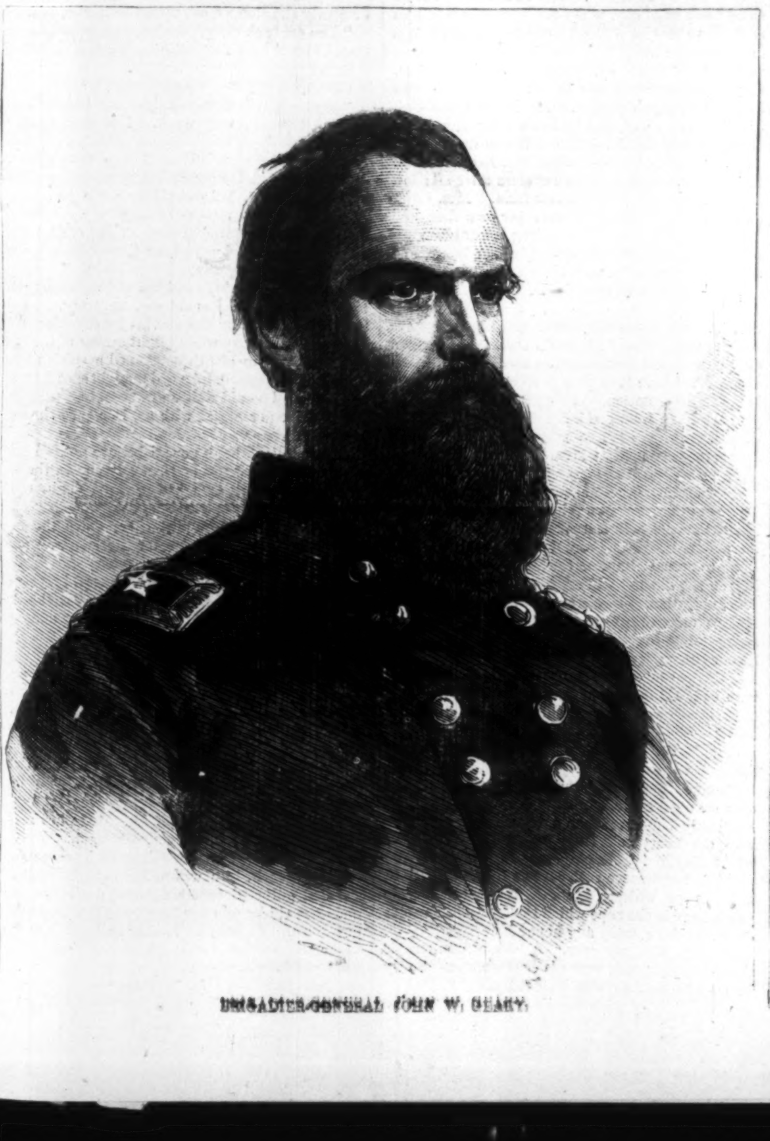
GENERAL WRIGHT AND STAFF.

WE give above portraits of General WRIGHT and Staff. General HORATIO GATES WRIGHT, a native of Connecticut, became a Cadet at West Point in 1837, and graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers in 1841. He was appointed as Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering in that Academy in 1842, a position which he occupied for a year, when he was made Assistant Professor. In February, 1848, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant in the regular army. He entered the war at the beginning, and was given the rank of a Brigadier-General. He was one of the most efficient of the general officers connected with the Port Royal expedition; and in March, 1862, he was engaged in the capture of Fernandina, Florida. Having been promoted to a Major-Generalship he was, in August, 1862, assigned to the command of the Department of Ohio. Upon the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac General WRIGHT'S Division was made the First Division, the Sixth Corps, under General SEDGWICK. When SEDGWICK was killed in May General WRIGHT succeeded to the command of the Corps.

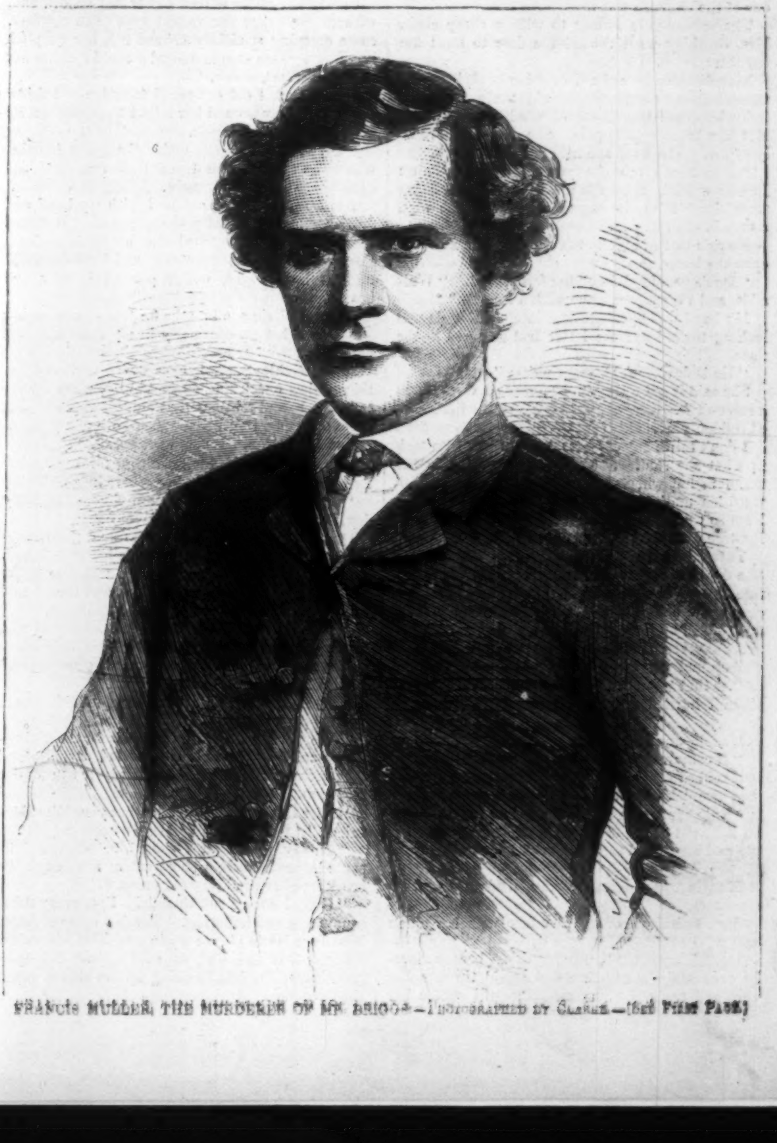
GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of Pennsylvania. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of ROBERTS'S Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers in the Mexican war. He was in command of this regiment in the battle of Chapultepec, and was wounded in the action. Notwithstanding this he resumed the command that same day in the attack of De Belen gate. He was elevated to the rank of a Colonel November 3, 1847. The next year he was appointed Postmaster of San Francisco.

General GEARY entered the present war as Colonel of the Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment. In the latter part of 1861, his regiment, attached to General BANKS'S command, was posted in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry on the Upper Potomac. Here GEARY was engaged in some pretty rough encounters with bodies of armed rebels, from five hundred to a thousand strong. In March, 1861, we find him Acting Brigadier-General at Leesburg. During M'CLELLAN'S peninsular campaign GEARY was stationed with his brigade in the vicinity of White Plains, Virginia. It was about this time that he received his commission as Brigadier-General, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of the old Second Corps. This brigade GEARY led in the terrible battle of Cedar Mountain, where he received his second wound. Afterward GEARY'S command, together with WILLIAMS'S and GREEN'S, constituted the Twelfth Corps. This corps in the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, held the extreme right. GEARY'S command was transferred to Ten-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.



FRANCIS MULLER, THE MURDERER OF MR. BRIGGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARKE.—SEE FIRST PAGE.]

nessee last winter, and has been covered with glory in a series of battles extending from the storming of Lookout Mountain to the late severe conflicts about Atlanta.

INS AND OUTS.

I WALKED hurriedly away from our village post-office, for the rain was beginning to fall sharply. I had a letter in my pocket for Squire Brinkley's daughter. The old postmaster had given it me in charge, being "afeared none of the Squire's folks would be down that night."

I had not been at the Brinkleys since Henderson Reese went away to Boston. Which of the daughters of Necessitas led me again to the Squire's door?"

I could see by the glimmering lamp-posts that the address on the envelope was not in Mr. Reese's handwriting. Little more than a year back we had been engaged—Henderson Reese and I. I was proud, willful, and passionate, spurning with impatience the control he would have exercised. One day, under the shadows of the old apple-trees down by the brook, after some bitter, unjust words of mine, we parted. During the winter I did not go to singing-school. Mr. Reese did; and there were plenty to tell me how he was keeping company with Squire Brinkley's daughter.

Just before he went away to Boston, to be in business with his uncle, the whole village rang with the engagement between Henderson Reese and Maggie Brinkley.

Miss Scudder, with her thin nose and peaked chin, made it her business to come up to Aunt Elvira's to tell me of it. I was washing tea-cups. As soon as I saw her picking her way through our kitchen-garden I knew her errand. I made a safety-valve of the handles of a couple of the tea-cups, and before she had passed the turnip-bed I was ready for her. She came hustling into our kitchen. Aunt Elvira was up stairs making beds. I wiped a chair for her, and before she could seat herself I said,

"So the Squire's daughter is engaged to one of my old beaux, Miss Scudder. Well, I guess he's as fine a fellow as ever walked the village green."

The spinster looked aghast.

"How you do talk, Magdalen!" she said, elevating the peaked chin, the thin nostrils resembling a spread eagle. "Now do tell! Why, law me! don't you feel checkmated? Not a bit, hey? Why all the villagers are saying you will be a-spoiling your eyes crying for him"....

Almost on the run I went down the lane leading to the Squire's house. I entered by the kitchen door, for it was open a crack, and my shoes were muddy.

The Squire and his wife dozed over the dying embers.

"Here is a letter for Maggie," raising my voice to arouse them.

Squire Brinkley rubbed his eyes vigorously with his hard knuckles, and poked the old tabby cat from his knee.

"Why, bless me, Permelia, wake up! it's Magdalen Boid. Do you hear, wife? It's Magdalen."

Mrs. Brinkley took off her spectacles like one in a dream, wiped them on her apron, and slowly adjusting them, peered at me, only as yet half awake.

"Did you say a letter, Magdalen? Who'st for?" asked the Squire. "From Bosting? Then it's for Maggie, sure. 'Tain't none of Reese's writin', though; half an eye tells me that. Maggie orter be in. She just stepped in to one of the neighbors; one of the children was took down with measels."

The garden-gate swung to with a sharp click. Mrs. Brinkley went toward the door to meet her daughter.

Maggie came in, a shawl over her head, her curls streaming, and damp with the night-rain. Her eye lighted on the letter in her father's hand first thing. Her face became quite pale. She glanced nervously at me. The hand she held out quite shook.

"Magdalen's brought you a letter. 'Tain't Reese's writin'. Seems to me one orter come along from him. It's quite a spell since he's writ: nigh a month, ain't it?" said the Squire.

Maggie turned quietly toward the light, and tore open the letter.

"Don't go, Magdalen," her father said. "Wait a bit, and I'll see you home with a lantern."

My hand was upon the door-latch. Maggie was looking toward us: the letter had fluttered to the floor.

"He is dead. A stranger writes."

She said it quite simply, but her face was pale as a snow-drift. The pretty sparkle of her life seemed suddenly quenched.

I don't think any of us for the moment quite took in what she said. She was so very quiet in her manner; but when she stretched out her arms toward her mother and uttered, "Mamma, mamma, I am so weary," we all three sprang, as though the lightning of God had smitten us.

Through that night we watched by her bedside. She did not speak or notice any of us, but kept her face turned to the wall. We could see that her eyes grew darker and brighter, and that a fever flush rioted on her cheek.

At daybreak I stole out and went home. Auntie was up and nervous about my absence. I talked so fast that she only partially understood matters when I hurried away again to Squire Brinkley's house.

Maggie was delirious.

"It came on soon after you went out, Magdalen," half sobbed Mrs. Brinkley. "For a spell she was just as quiet as a lamb, not even a move of one of her little hands; and when the doctor put his finger on her wrist to feel of her pulse, she began to struggle and moan, and then burst right out in this frantic way."

Maggie was talking rapidly, wild unconnected sentences.

Mrs. Brinkley covered her face with her apron and cried softly.

Dr. Rollason, the family physician, bent anxiously over Maggie and forced a liquid through her clenched teeth. "The medicine will soothe her presently," he said, in a comforting voice, turning to Mrs. Brinkley.

"Permelia," whispered the Squire to his wife, "hadn't Magdalen better take a leetle rest? Cousin Jane Maria has come to help. Magdalen looks dreadful white and shaky."

I found Jane Maria in tears in the long sitting-room. She came hastily toward me and grasped my hand.

I whispered that she was wanted in the sick room.

She looked thankful that there was something for her to do. "Poor Cousin Maggie. Oh, Magdalen!" She broke down then, and just touching my cold cheek with her quivering lips hurried away.

I did not see Maggie again for days. Two weeks passed, three. A change, but not an improvement, was all the information I could gain. No one was allowed access to the house. Jane Maria was not visible even at the well or at a window. Miss Scudder canvassed the matter until the sight of her grew intolerable.

The first week in August came. One morning I waylaid Dr. Rollason, as he came over the fields from the Brinkleys, and pleaded hard that he would give me some definite information respecting Maggie.

"We hope she will be better soon," was all he would say at first.

I urged the matter passionately. He wavered. Breathlessly I waited for him to speak, but he did not. Silently he turned with me and retraced his steps to Squire Brinkley's house. We entered the front door noiselessly. He stood for a moment, running his eye over the garden.

"Can you call to mind, Miss Magdalen, any little thing—a flower even, or a branch of leaves, which was a favorite with Maggie," he asked, musingly.

I drew from my belt a freshly-picked bunch of wild flowers, holding them up without speaking.

"Yes, yes, that will do; when you go into her room, she is alone and quiet now, give them to her and call her by her name in a quiet, natural tone of voice."

My blood seemed turning to ice, a thousand fears took hold of me.

Dr. Rollason laid his strong hand upon my shoulder.

"That letter containing the news of Henderson Reese's decease was too great a shock for her brain. She lost her reason. It is not a hopeless case by any means. Her mind may be restored to her as suddenly as she was bereft of it. If you will be strong and cool during the interview, which I will allow you now, you may prove of great assistance."

"I am calm," I whispered.

He led the way quietly.

A soft, derisive laugh smote on our ears. I shuddered, for the sound came from Maggie's chamber.

Dr. Rollason scanned my face gravely.

"Go," he said, pointing with his finger at the door. "You will be brave and calm. I can quite trust you, Miss Magdalen. I read your mother's spirit in your eyes."

I went.

Maggie was crouched in one corner of the little bedroom. As I closed the door she raised her head with the quick motion of a bird and stared fixedly at me. A feeling of horror stole over me as I met that dull, unmeaning gaze.

I picked these pretty purple blooms in the Jocelyn woods, Maggie. I held them toward her.

Slowly she raised herself to her full height, and, without removing her vacant eyes from my face, came creeping stealthily toward me, her purplish lips apart. One step more and I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek.

Thank God, I did not recoil from her. I threw one arm lightly around her slight form, and called her Maggie, dear Maggie.

"Under the boughs—under the green boughs, where the green leaves throw their shadows," she said, looking at me piteously.

I smoothed her hot forehead with my hand and drew her head gradually to my bosom. It rested there quietly. I watched the heavy lids droop slowly over the dull blue eyes and braced myself to bear her weight, which pressed heavier and heavier.

Scarcely daring to breathe for fear of awakening her I took her up cautiously in my arms and laid her down upon her bed.

Mrs. Brinkley's meek eyes overflowed, and her thin, sallow cheek flushed gratefully, when I went to find her, and told her that Maggie was sleeping as sweetly as a baby. She took both of my hands and pressed them, but could not speak.

Dr. Rollason had been waiting for me. Mrs. Brinkley went to the window where he stood.

"You will let Magdalen see my daughter every day," she pleaded, in a choked voice.

Once more she came toward me, and pressed my hands before going to watch beside her child's bed.

Dr. Rollason brought me some water to bathe my temples—made me drink some, and then I told him all that transpired in Maggie's chamber.

When I had finished, he looked kindly at me. "You need some rest yourself, Miss Magdalen. Go home now. To-morrow you may come again."

"And Maggie?" I asked.

"If this sleep should prove a long, unbroken one, all may go well."

"We were shutting up the house for the night—auntie and I—when a breathless lad darted along the peach orchard, whistling sharply to attract our attention.

"Miss Boid! Miss Boid! be that you, Miss Magdalen?" He sprang impatiently upon the piazza.

"Mostly I thought I should be too late," he panted, "so I made a short cut of it through the brook meadow, and up your orchard."

"Golly! such a run though! I set every thing squawking and hollering. Here's a scrap of paper Miss Jane Maria gin me to gin you, Miss Magdalen. It's a note or sich like, ain't it? Must cut sticks now, 'cause I'm late in doing up the chores round the barn-yard."

"A note from Jane Maria this time of the night!" jerked out Aunt Elvira, contemptuously. "Some of her boarding-school airs, I'll warrant."

"Somebody has arrived. Is in this very house. Oh, Magdalen, do come quickly!" it ran.

"Auntie," I began. A numbness was creeping over my heart—words failed me.

"Well," she dryly responded.

Mechanically I stretched out the note to her. She would not touch it, but glanced it over as I held it.

"Just as I thought," she exclaimed, with warmth. "Some of Jane Maria's genteel timidity. A poor, wayfaring man wants, I suppose, a mouthful of something to eat, and a corner in the barn to lay his head in for the night. Squire Brinkley and Permelia are asleep, maybe. The saints know they need a little after such constant tending of their daughter; and that Jane Maria, instead of putting before the man a plateful of broken victuals, and showing him a place in the barn where he can sleep, must needs bounce upon you in this hifalutin style. How sensible folks, like Squire Brinkley and his wife, can stand that fool of a girl round their house is more than I can understand. Don't dawdle, Magdalen. Shut the blinds."

I did so coolly enough. I had needed something to rouse me, and drive off the dead numbness at my heart. Nothing could have done it so effectually as one of Aunt Elvira's sarcastic flings. Whether directed at myself or somebody else it mattered little; the effect was the same.

Jane Maria met me at the well, in her cousin's yard.

"I saw you coming down the road, and came out to meet you." She drew out the dripping bucket, and forced upon me a cup of cold water.

"Magdalen! Magdalen! can you guess?" she exclaimed, as I tried to swallow a mouthful of the water. Her very lips were white. She clasped her hands excitedly.

Some one has arrived to give the particulars of Mr. Reese's death, I answered.

"My God!" she exclaimed; "then you don't know that Henderson Reese lives—is in our house this very minute."

She made a hasty step forward, and flung her arms about me. "Fool, fool that I was, to tell her so suddenly," she muttered. "I have killed her!"

But I put her away from me with sudden strength. My eyes devoured her face. "Go on," I articulated; "tell me more."

"Yes, yes, I will; only don't look at me in that strange way, Magdalen," she pleaded. "I was the only one up in the house when he came, excepting little Dickey, who was late in doing up his outdoor work. I heard old Bruno bark, and I was fearful he would awaken Maggie, who has slept easily since you were here this morning. I went out to still him, and found him jumping about a gentleman, as though he was at his wit's end for joy. When I came nearer, I screamed louder almost than Bruno had barked, for I thought it was Henderson Reese's ghost. He was standing there, right under those lilac boughs; but do, Magdalen, come in out of the moonlight—it makes me creep all over to see it shining on your white face."

"And he lives! he lives!" I said, grasping at her arm.

"Yes, Magdalen; now please don't stare at me so. You see he was at a boarding-house, and was taken down quite suddenly. Mrs. Craik, the landlady, called a doctor at once. He pronounced it cholera. The rest of the boarders got into a panic and left the house. Mr. Reese's room-mate, a Mr. Lucan, was away from the city at the time, but he came back next day, when the Irish girl told him at the door that he couldn't come in, his own things had been sent away from the house, for Mr. Reese was dead and buried with the cholera, and only Mrs. Craik and she left in the house. This Mr. Lucan had seen Maggie's picture. Mr. Reese had shown it to him one night, and he knew the name of the village where she resided, and it was he who had penned those hasty lines about Mr. Reese's death. It turned out that it wasn't cholera after all; but typhoid fever set in in its worst form. Mrs. Craik nursed him as though he were her own flesh and blood, not having any hard feeling toward him, although his sickness had broken up her house, and she a lone widow. She was in market one morning, looking up a tender chicken for him, when she almost ran against Mr. Lucan. She stopped to tell him that Mr. Reese was better, and begged him to come round and see him, as all traces of fever had disappeared, and there could be no danger of infection. Mr. Lucan grew pale as a cloth, could scarcely speak for agitation, and then it came out how the panic-stricken Irish girl had misinformed him, and what he had written to Miss Brinkley in consequence. It seems this Mrs. Craik was the coolest piece as well as the most motherly, for she went home, cooked up the chicken delicately, made Mr. Reese eat of it, had him take a long nap, then told him what she had learned that morning in the market-stalls. Mrs. Craik thought he needed something to arouse him from the languor the fever had left, so she did not feel afraid of the effects of the communication. Weak as he was the thought of Maggie mourning over his supposed decease put strength into his body, and the next day he started for our village, Mrs. Craik herself [illegible]g him through half the journey. I am sure Mrs. Craik would more than ever think that he needed arousing were she to see him now. When I told him all about Maggie he—"

Jane Maria started violently. A silent, noiseless figure had joined us at the well.

"Come, Magdalen," was all he said, bending over me until his hair brushed my cheek.

Silently I followed him through the open doorway, the dreary unlit entry, into the little chamber where Maggie lay sleeping..

"I do not deserve such love as hers," he said, in a half-awed whisper. "Tell me, Magdalen, do you believe in the hope which Doctor Rollason holds out? Is there *really* any hope?"

He read it in my eyes. A look of unutterable thankfulness spread over his countenance. Softly he touched her hair with his hot lips.

I drew him hastily back. Maggie's thin, pale hands moved restlessly.

Breathlessly we watched for her eyes to unclose. They rested first upon Mr. Reese's face, in a half dreamy gaze.

As he spoke, and touched her hand, they brightened, and a fond smile crossed her face.

We thought she spoke his name, and bent down to hear, but her lips were quiet, she had dropped away again to sleep.

Mr. Reese turned to me, a thanksgiving light in his dark gray eyes. "Thank God!" he said under his breath, "she knew me perfectly. All will go well now."

He laid his hand upon mine as I was leaving the house. I did not resist his touch, but waited for him to speak. A shadow played about his forehead.

"Magdalen is white and ill," he said, turning to Jane Maria. "She must take care of herself. Can't we make her?"

There was kind authority in his voice. My heart bounded, and then stood still. I thought of Maggie's pale face, and hated myself for the glad thrill his tones awoke. A mist swam before my eyes. The rushing of many waters sounded in my ears.

"You can ride home, Magdalen. I have made Dickey harness up old Sprite."

It was Jane Maria who spoke. Her voice recalled my scattered senses. She stood between Henderson Reese and I, so sheltering my face from his earnest gaze.

I escaped thankfully. I had a night-key in my pocket, but I should have stifled in the house. The piazza ran at the back of our cottage. I knew no one would disturb me there. I shrank closely into the thick shade of the tangled vines. I had flung away Henderson Reese's love. What else was there left for me in life? Like Briareus of old, trouble comes hundred handed; but the hundred hands were never known to strike together at one object. Job was not an exception. Miss Scudder would be baffled by the patient roses on my cheek, but she would still cling to the idea that I had been checkmated.

"Miss Magdalen!"

Doctor Rollason's voice sounded cheeringly. I sprang up quickly. He was making his way to me over the flower-beds. Had I been asleep? the early morning sunlight was brightening the garden.

"I saw your white dress through all this green, and vaulted like a great awkward school-boy over that hedge to have a word with you. I am just from the Brinkleys."

"I came home late from there last night."

"Indeed! ah! And you saw Henderson Reese of course?"

"Yes."

Doctor Rollason looked at me keenly. "Magdalen," he said, "I was your mamma's friend and adviser. As having been such, let me give a word of advice to her daughter. You must find something to do now. Something which will interest and engross you. It will be the only way to help you forget that a year ago you threw your happiness away."

He had read my heart then as easily as though I had laid it bare to him.

He held out his hand to me. "You are not offended at my plain speaking?" he continued, seeing that I did not look up.

"No."

"If ever I could be of service to Henlen Boid's child, remember it would be the greatest pleasure of my life." He bent and kissed my forehead gravely.

We heard auntie within unfastening the windows. Presently she stepped out upon the piazza.

"You are back early," she said. "I scarcely expected you to breakfast with me, Magdalen. Good-morning Doctor. Just from the Squire's, I suppose. What do you think of Maggie's case now?"

"My patient is doing finely—head pretty clear, but she is weak, very weak. I ordered chicken broth for her."

Auntie fidgeted a little. She always grew a little nervous in Doctor Rollason's presence. She now evidently wished our visitor would go.

"Fine weather we are having," she remarked, in a slightly constrained voice. "The crops promise well;" her eyes were bent in the direction of her broad fields of grain.

Doctor Rollason was looking at her fixedly, but his thoughts were, I could see, far away. Turning her head quickly she met his gaze. Her color heightened. There was a slight quiver of the eyelids, but her firm mouth betokened a spirit accustomed to be on guard. An odd thought shot through my brain. I would wait and watch.

"Will you breakfast with us, Doctor?" she asked, in a careless way.

"Thank you, thank you; I believe not. I take my morning meal earlier than any one in the village. My housekeeper has been no doubt waiting for me already. Good-day."

"Auntie," I said, following her down the garden walks, "why didn't Doctor Rollason ever marry?"

She stopped to put back a wayward branch of honey-suckle. Her head was bent over the wet leaves as she answered, "He loved your mamma, Magdalen. That was the reason."

"And my mamma not love him! such a dear, good man!"

"We can not say to Love, go and come," she replied.

Presently she walked away. Her face was very quiet—the quiet borne on a hungry heart.

I felt that I had read aright; my mother's sister loved the Doctor.

That August day was very oppressive. It brought a feverish tide to auntie's cheek. Late in the afternoon I found her leaning rigidly against the upper balcony. Softly I withdrew. The same old battle with self, I knew, was raging. In daily life she had gathered together cares, duties, to heap upon the old love in her heart, but it would not be put down. As long as Doctor Rollason remained unmarried I knew auntie would never come from the strife laurel-crowned.

I felt glad that I had guessed out the state of things. My manner toward her unconsciously softened. Before there had been a dearth of sympathy; now a bond existed.

The October winds blew with fitful eagerness. Maggie was regaining strength and elasticity of body. Her mind was perfectly clear. Mr. Reese had said he would not leave her yet; he would wait until November. They came to see me sometimes, and I went there too. Matters went on smoothly enough until one day.

I had been after a rare Eastern lily which Mrs. Brinkley had promised me.

"You like high colors, Magdalen," she said, tapping a pot which held a scarlet geranium. "I shall add this to the lily."

Mr. Reese stood listlessly by the window, watching the falling leaves, waiting for Maggie to ride with him. Maggie stood before the glass opposite me, putting on her hat. As Mrs. Brinkley spoke Henderson Reese turned from the window, and breaking off a full cluster of the rich scarlet blossoms, laid them against my cheek.

"You are so pale this autumn," he commented.

"Am I?"

"I hope you are well," he continued in a grave voice.

"Perfectly, thank you." I turned away, for Maggie was all ready to go.

Mrs. Brinkley went to the window to see them drive off.

"Come into the orchard, Magdalen," the Squire called out to me, plenty of fruit there. I should like to send some to Miss Elvira. You must select it."

Dickey was filling up a basket. Suddenly he ceased whistling, and looked toward the road.

"What's fotched them back?" he exclaimed.

I followed his glance.

Maggie beckoned to me from the low carriage.

"You must come with us," she said. "Yes, Magdalen, I want you. You must. Dickey can carry the fruit and flowers home for her, can't he, mamma?"

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Brinkley, smiling kindly at us from the doorway.

I was sorely puzzled by Maggie's manner. Still I hesitated—pleading home duties. Maggie made a gesture of entreaty. Her pretty lips had grown quite pale.

I sprang in.

"Let us drive to the Darlington grove," she said.

Mr. Reese turned and looked at her. "You are in a strange mood this morning, Maggie," he said, smiling.

She averted her face, and sank back wearily in the carriage, not speaking again until we stopped under a fine growth of beeches.

She sprang out first, and walked swiftly over the brown crisp leaves.

Mr. Reese waited to fasten the horses. When he joined us, I could see that Maggie was obliged to lean against one of the trees for support; her eyes still bent upon the misty hills miles away.

"What are you dreaming about darling?"

She started, and shrank, as though his words had hurt her. A bright color dyed her cheek, and vanished. A few eager steps brought her close to his side.

"I have never quite filled your heart," she began, rapidly—her eyelids steady, and her brow a flame. "When you laid those blossoms against Magdalen's cheek, a little while ago, I read the truth. We are all wrong just now; Magdalen, you, and I. *You* love each other still—and—please God—I will not stand between you two."

"Hear me," she continued, as Mr. Reese would have interrupted.

"Good God! I will not, Maggie," he broke out, vehemently. "Never, never have I loved even Magdalen Boid as I do *you* at this moment!"

—"At this moment," she repeated, softly, with a strange look of unrest upon her face.

Mr. Reese caught her convulsively to his breast. "God help me to become worthy of the love of this noble woman. Maggie—my treasure—dearer than life itself!"....

They were married in November. Mr. Reese would not be put off. He took her with him to Boston.

Aunt Elvira and I still live at the little cottage. Miss Scudder gives out that Doctor Rollason is to marry the meek little dressmaker over the way.

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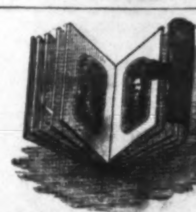

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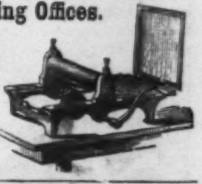

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